

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

Vol. 139

JULY, 1952

No. 833

EPISODES OF THE MONTH THE EDITOR

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY: ARE THEY
COMPATIBLE? YES LORD PAKENHAM

NO JOHN SMITH

A WEST INDIAN DOMINION? BERNARD BRAINE

THE NEGLECTED SIDE OF DUMAS A. CRAIG BELL

AN URBANE RECORD RT. HON. L. S. AMERY

AND OTHER CONTRIBUTIONS BY DENYS SMITH, JOHN
POELS, ERIC GILLETT, EDMUND BLUNDEN, JOHN SPARROW,
HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON, ELIZABETH McALLISTER,
MILWARD KENNEDY, SIR EDWARD BOYLE, Bt., AND ALEC
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Drawn by A. R. THOMSON, R.A.

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EPISODES OF THE MONTH

THE world struggle is unrelenting. In the Far East it takes the form of hot war—in Korea, in Indo-China, in Malaya. The United Nations have so far not won, but have only avoided defeat, in Korea. The French are having a very hard time in Indo-China, and their effort there is incompatible with the part which they should be playing in Western Europe. Our own anti-bandit operations in Malaya have been more successful in recent months, but the end of that campaign is not yet in sight.

Meanwhile there is always the imminent danger of Communist-inspired trouble elsewhere in the world—in the Middle East, for instance—and at home a revolutionary situation continues to develop in our midst. Those who say that the outlook is brightening are either deliberately subversive or incurably foolish.

The Trap-door

ON June 11th, Mr. Churchill made a speech to the Press Association, in which he gave a vivid picture of the nation's economic peril. "I have never seen a people look better or more carefree," he said, "and statistics of all sorts show that they have a very great and expanding existence here. What I wonder is whether they have realized the treacherous trap-door on which it all stands."

In our opinion both the metaphor of the trap-door, and the adjective "treacherous," were particularly well chosen. The nation is threatened by foreign competition in more senses than one, for its economy is subject to alien attack at home, as well as in overseas markets.

Electricians at Eastbourne

AT the end of last month the Electrical Trades Union held its annual conference at Eastbourne. This is one of the unions in which Communist influence is strongest, but the delegates were welcomed at their opening session by a Conservative dignitary, who received in return a bunch of red flowers for his wife. After this pantomime—so typical of the bemused state of public opinion—deliberations proceeded under the

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presidency of that well-known Communist, Mr. F. Foulkes; and a fellow-travelling "peace" resolution was carried with only six dissentients out of 316 voters.

On the other hand one big union has voted in favour of the official (Government, Labour and T.U.C.) rearmament policy. This union—the National Union of General and Municipal Workers—supported the rearmament programme at its annual congress on June 18th, and was in fact the first of the big unions to do so. We trust that it will not be the last.

Mr. Sharpley's Story

IN all the literature of Communist apostasy we have read no more remarkable or more convincing document than *The Great Delusion* by Cecil Sharpley (Heinemann's, 10s. 6d.). Mr. Sharpley was the son of a Gloucestershire parson who was in time driven by financial stress to a slum parish in North London. Another complication in the author's early life was that he himself had fallen downstairs on to a stone floor, so that he was for years a delicate child with "a tendency towards introspection."

In 1928, having abandoned the idea of following in his father's profession, he emigrated to Australia, and was out of work for four years during the great slump. In 1935 he joined the Communist Party and remained in it until the end of 1948, when he at last plucked up the courage to escape. The important work which he did while he was a trusted member of the Party, and above all his temperament—which does not appear to be that of an erratic intellectual, but rather that of a fairly normal man in the grip of malign and unpredictable forces—give his book its special value. It should not be missed.

Communist Methods

MR. SHARPLEY describes in detail, and from first-hand experience, the methods with which the Australian Communist Party set about its revolutionary business. Mr. Arthur Deakin, in a rather demure Foreword, says that "the particular malpractices [e.g. ballot-rigging] carried out in Australia, could not have happened in this country." But Communist penetration here is serious enough without any artificial assistance, and Mr. Sharpley himself remarks at one point: "I am convinced that the United Kingdom Communist Party has made terrific efforts in organizing its union front since . . . 1946 . . ." In addition to the well-known Communists in high places, there is, he says, "a vast Communist army of minor union officials and shop stewards."

Secret Members

BUT the unions are not the only danger-spots. "The cell, if well and enthusiastically run, can extend its influence into churches, into dramatic groups, into libraries and, *of course* (our italics), into the

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Labour Party." There are "special" members who belong secretly and "who are thus able to perform sinister duties more expeditiously." Such people may be men and women of intelligence and prestige, who "find little difficulty in infiltrating into key circles such as the civil or public service, and [who] may be found as school-teachers, officials in the Labour Party or holding more or less important posts with scientific bodies." Mr. Sharpley says that "by 1948 the Australian Communist Party estimated that it had nearly three hundred members acting as union officials . . . and *more than four hundred as school-teachers*" (our italics). If these figures are even approximately correct, their gravity—when the size and population of Australia are considered—is obvious. According to Sharpley, "penetration in other directions had not been less successful."

He also says that "to the trained Communist, the masses are, for the most part, made up of 'bone-heads,' who, after the revolution, will have to be ruled with a rod of iron." Trade unionists, please note!

Political Backchat

THE Press has during the past month picked up, or taken upon itself to express, more than the usual volume of political backchat. There is seldom, indeed, any lack of this, but recently both the quantity and the subject-matter have been such as to attract attention. Publicity has been given to the alleged mutterings of Conservatives against Mr. Churchill's leadership and Mr. Eden's preoccupation with foreign affairs; while on the Socialist side Mr. Bevan has written a leader in *Tribune* (June 13th) entitled "The Futility of Coalition," in which he trounces those who are "already suggesting" a bi-partisan domestic policy, and those "Fresh Thinkers", or "Socialist Revisionists", who "suggest that an extension of public ownership is an old-fashioned and outmoded idea."

These symptoms cannot be ignored.

The Position of Mr. Churchill

ONLY a superficial observer could suppose that Mr. Churchill had lost, or was losing, his hold on the Conservative Party. He is still superior to all comers in knowledge and experience. In spite of a tendency to deafness, his genius (there is no other word) is still substantially unimpaired. Of course there is criticism: Mr. Churchill is fallible, and the Party which he leads is a free association. Perhaps, too, the various temperaments and points of view which are represented in the Cabinet, and the intrinsic difficulty of its task, may have combined at times to produce an effect of muddle and indecision, for which the Prime Minister may be held technically responsible. But those who make invidious comparisons between 1940 and 1952 should remember that in the former

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year Mr. Churchill was supported by a united Parliament and people. To-day he can only count upon a united *Party*: but upon that he can most certainly count, in any emergency.

Mr. Eden and the Foreign Office

WHETHER or not Mr. Eden should remain Foreign Secretary is another question. We have said before, and we take this opportunity of saying again, that we do not regard him as irreplaceable in that position, though of course he would be hard to replace. We feel that, if only a successor to him could be found (Lord Salisbury, for instance), Mr. Eden would then be free to give Mr. Churchill invaluable help in home affairs, and could also resume the Leadership of the House of Commons, which he held with such outstanding success during the War.

The Great Socialist Schism

THERE is, we repeat, no fundamental disunity in the Conservative Party: but the Socialists are quite obviously involved in one of the greatest schisms that even their passionate and discordant movement has ever known. We may infer from Mr. Bevan's article (mentioned overleaf) that some of his more responsibly-minded colleagues would like to agree and support a policy for national solvency—as well as that already agreed for national safety—and to keep both these vital subjects as far as possible from the arena of party politics. Mr. Bevan regards bi-partisanship of this kind as the equivalent of coalition, and he is determined to prevent it. His article also shows how drastic is the disagreement among Socialists on the future of public ownership.

Later this year the world will know whether the big battalions in the Labour movement are behind Attlee or Bevan. We have little doubt of the answer.

Mr. Eisenhower in Action

GENERAL EISENHOWER has now become, for practical purposes, a civilian, and is fighting hard for the Republican nomination. His first appearances as a candidate have proved that he is more effective when he is speaking extempore than when he is delivering a prepared speech. It is generally admitted, even by Eisenhower enthusiasts, that the General will have an uphill passage to the nomination, and many people feel that he will be lucky if he gets it at all. The Taft organization is meanwhile making very confident claims, but Mr. Walter Lippmann has stated that the nomination is still in the hands of delegates who are "uncommitted." These delegates will surely tend to vote for the candidate who seems to have the best chance of being elected President, and all the evidence at present suggests that this is Eisenhower. Any Republican candidate—even Eisenhower—will have great difficulty in wiping out the Democratic

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majority: but it may well be felt that what Eisenhower could achieve with reasonable luck, Senator Taft could only achieve by a miracle.

Lord Alexander's Mission

FIELD-MARSHAL LORD ALEXANDER, the Minister of Defence, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Minister of State at the Foreign Office, have been visiting the Far East and are returning, as we go to press, *via* Ottawa and Washington. Lord Alexander was able to inspect the battlefield in Korea with his old comrade-in-arms, General Mark Clark, and his statements to the Press have been fairly reassuring. He said that he found the military situation in Korea "much better than he had expected," but he admitted that, if the Chinese were to launch a full-scale attack with "all their available air power, it would, naturally, complicate matters." He said that he would like to see more reserves at the disposal of the U.N. Commander.

As for winning the war, Lord Alexander could only say that he doubted whether an Allied offensive could reach the Yalu river, and he "would not bet one way or another" on the chances of an armistice. No sensible person can want the present "phoney war" in Korea to go on indefinitely: but victory will demand more military strength and political unity than the "United" Nations have yet been able to provide.

Australian Initiative

ANOTHER very important traveller in recent weeks has been Mr. Menzies, the Australian Prime Minister. During his stay in London he discussed not only economic questions, but also, as Mr. Churchill announced to Parliament, "the whole field of international relations, with special reference to the position in the Far East and South-East Asia, defence policy and the progress of our joint military planning." Mr. Menzies has also been having talks in The Hague, Paris, Washington and Ottawa.

Meanwhile Mr. Nehru, instead of sending a large Indian contingent—which could well be spared—to join the U.N. Forces in Korea, has said that the United Nations "has shifted from its original moorings and become gradually a protector of colonialism in an indirect manner." Mr. Nehru's policy must be the source of much amused contentment in Moscow and Peking.

Storm Over South Africa

IT is very difficult to believe that Dr. Malan and his colleagues genuinely regard the mounting opposition to their attack upon the Constitution and Supreme Court of their country as a mere squall in the tea-cup of union. In South Africa, true enough, controversy is always

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lively and sometimes, for a period, intensely bitter: but this controversy is no flurry of a passing character.

It is not for outsiders to write or say a word which might inflame it: but when civil discord in any part of the Commonwealth reaches such proportions as it is now reaching in South Africa, the other nations of the Commonwealth cannot possibly be indifferent. That is partly because their own peace and economic welfare must be deeply affected by serious trouble in the Dark Continent; partly also because the conflict between the Democratic and Communist worlds has its extension in Africa and will be considerably influenced by what happens in the Union.

The Right Tradition

THE Nationalists in the Union persist in declaring that the outer world has no reason for concern, since the struggle which they have launched is no more than the final round of their long conflict with British Imperialism. But the facts themselves refute this interpretation of events, and evidence accumulates to show that in both the legal and the political fields the resistance to Dr. Malan's proposals derives its strength from the better and broader elements in South African national sentiment and tradition.

In the legal field, for instance—a field in which the Afrikaaner genius has shown exceptional distinction—the names of the members of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court which declared the Separate Representation of Voters Act invalid are proof in themselves that British sentiment had nothing to do with the verdict. The whole judgment richly deserves study, since it was distinguished by the breadth of its vision as well as by the closeness of its argument. Yet perhaps the most significant thing about it was that neither Chief Justice Centlivres nor any of his four colleagues bore a British name, and that their opinion was unanimous.

Resort to *Force Majeure*?

THE Government, as our readers know, has countered the Judges by passing a new Bill providing that, in case of difference, the Supreme Court shall be overridden by the High Court of Parliament, and making that provision retrospective. But that new measure offers the Government no constitutional escape from its dilemma, because its validity cannot fail to be challenged as yet another attack upon the entrenched clauses of the Act of Union, and no one believes that, if that argument is established, the Supreme Court will change its mind or depart from its previous finding.

The situation at that point may well be desperately critical, since the Nationalist Party may try to put the Separate Representation of Voters Act into force under sanction of the High Court of Parliament Act—though both have been declared invalid—before appealing to the electorate. We devoutly trust, however, that Dr. Malan will prefer the constitutional

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course and force neither measure upon the country, unless and until he obtains the two-thirds majority of both Houses, which is necessary to validate any departure from the entrenched clauses.

Insult to Natal

WE cling to this hope, because there is no doubt that the very existence of the Union will be in jeopardy, if the Nationalist Party remains obstinate in its determination to flout the Act on which the Union was founded: but the omens are not promising. There is an old tradition of courtesy in South Africa, of which Dr. Malan himself is as a rule a shining example. It is therefore easy to understand the anger flaming in Natal at his unpardonably unjust and offensive remark that her Provincial Council's request for the summoning of a National Convention was a "Judas kiss" or, in other words, a treacherous breach of loyalty.

In reply, the Council has called for an immediate meeting of all the Province's elected representatives. This is clearly the first step towards constituting a Natal Convention in place of the National Convention refused by the Government, and it is a very plain warning to the Government that Natal may no longer consider herself bound to the Union if the terms on which she entered it (after long discussion and a referendum to her electorate) are unilaterally amended by a majority far short of that required by the Act to which she assented.

General Botha's Daughter

THREE is, moreover, so much national support for Natal's view of the situation that the Government cannot justify itself by dismissing the resistance to its measures as purely provincial—still less as emanating solely from the most British of the Provinces. The Torch Commando, led by "Sailor" Malan, is steadily extending its organization on a nation-wide scale; and now there is another significant movement, intended to organize a nation-wide protest by the women of South Africa.

Very appropriately this latter movement is headed by General Botha's eldest daughter, Mrs. Helen de Waal, who is assuredly acting in the spirit of that great man, her father, by striving to bring together women of all political shades in order to protest against "further disruption of the country." So much of the racial bitterness which disfigures South African society is due to women who nurse their hatreds and transmit them to their children that we most warmly salute Mrs. de Waal's brave and broad-minded initiative.

General Botha, of all the architects of union, played perhaps the most decisive part in the Union Convention. "I remember well," says his daughter, "how my father thought and dreamed about a united South Africa. He often told us about it as children, quite soon after the South African War." Here is proof indeed that defence of the Act of Union is being inspired, not by British sentiment in any form, but by true South African patriotism.

The American Parallel

ONE of the chief forces which brought the Union into being was, in truth, a realization of the fact that the four South African communities which fought the South African War must be merged into a single nation if the differences dividing the two coastal colonies from the two inland republics were not to cause a renewal of that tragic struggle. The June number of the *Round Table*, which itself stems from South Africa, recalls that fact and points to a significant parallel. There are now proceeding in South Africa, it writes, "an argument about the status of a coloured race in a white man's country; an argument about the nature of sovereignty; and an argument about the right of secession from a State contractually formed"—the three main subjects which drove North and South to civil war in the United States of America. We pray that the South African nation may be given wisdom to heed that moral while moderation and a constitutional solution are still practicable.

Federation in Central Africa

WE would be happy to record that the conflict hanging over South Africa had fostered a stronger sense of the vital need for unity in the Central African territories: but we cannot do so. The promised White Paper outlining the Constitution which is to unite the Rhodesias and Nyasaland has been duly published. The system of federation proposed is, from both the political and juridical standpoints, a farrago of patent anomalies: but we regard it nevertheless as a statesmanlike compromise, because its authors have moulded the Constitution to fit the complex facts, rather than assumed that the facts can be moulded to fit a more unorthodox Constitution.

The main thing, in the interest of all races, is for the three territories to unite. The Rhodesias are, in our opinion, bound to come together by some means or other, whatever the obstacles may be: but in the difficult times which lie ahead they, and still more Nyasaland, will suffer greatly by delay.

Honour to Sir Godfrey Huggins

HONOUR, for the care of African interests which the scheme displays, is due to all concerned, and not least to Lord Salisbury and Mr. Oliver Lyttelton, the two Secretaries of State who presided: but the palm should go to Sir Godfrey Huggins, whose task has been made immensely more difficult by the effects of the Gold Coast experiment on both white and black throughout Africa. These have clouded all liberal thinking on the race question with new ambitions and fears, and favour the pursuit of extremes, both races fearing to yield at any point, lest they lose all.

Prime Minister of a young Colony which is (in fact, if not in theory)

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completely independent, Sir Godfrey has had the courage and vision to accept a limitation of his country's self-governing rights by subordinating its freedom in certain important respects to a federal Government and Legislature, in which the representatives of Southern Rhodesia will not have a majority. This is an act of signal statesmanship, taken in deference to the principle of partnership between the races for which he has stood throughout his political career; and we trust that, when the referendum is held, his electorate will support his wise initiative decisively.

The Facts Misunderstood

UNFORTUNATELY this result cannot be taken for granted, as it might have been five years ago. When the White Paper was presented to Parliament, Mr. Griffiths, lately Secretary of State for the Colonies, complained that some of its provisions were unexampled in "Colonial" Constitutions. Nothing could demonstrate more tragically how completely a large mass of opinion in this country misunderstands the facts of the situation.

Mr. Griffiths and other racial partisans of his kidney are constantly assuring their African dupes that they may rely more safely upon Parliament in this country, than upon their white compatriots in Africa, for the political advancement and social services to which they aspire. In their very natural simplicity, Africans believe these assurances; and it is much to the credit of Sir Godfrey and all the representatives of the settled white population in the Rhodesias that they have been willing to go so far to meet the fears of the African intelligentsia by accepting the supervision of a remote and much preoccupied assembly at Westminster, in the form of provisions which cast some slur upon their fitness for responsibility.

Why Stimulate Extremes?

WE do not say that English opinion should not exercise a powerful influence upon policy in Central Africa: but we do say, both to Mr. Griffiths and his African protégés, that English opinion can do much more by trusting the men of its own stock in Africa than by distrusting them. For those men, in both the Rhodesias, have emerged from Colonial tutelage and will in fact control the development of Central Africa. The only practical question is whether they do it well or ill, and there English opinion may count enormously—provided that, instead of stimulating natural fears, it appeals to the liberalism and fairness which is innate in our race, in Africa as elsewhere.

The present tendency of those who have African interests in particular at heart is to foster African ambition and distrust, while also stimulating the white population's anxieties. This is to drive the races into opposition and rivalry and to make partnership—the only solid hope for either—increasingly difficult. If, therefore, Mr. Griffiths represents a majority in his Party, we look to the future with apprehension.

Griffiths No Longer the Oracle ?

THREE is, however, some reason to believe that his Party is not so satisfied of his wisdom as he would wish it to be; and it is good to learn that the leader of the Socialist Party has decided to visit Central Africa himself and form his own opinion in direct contact with the realities. We wish Mr. Attlee God-speed upon his journey. As the Secretaries of State will also be setting out for Central Africa in the Autumn, there will be a great concentration of political insight and judgment upon the facts and communities concerned. These assuredly deserve the most impartial and intensive study if the conflict between Dr. Malan's ideology and that which has recently been manifested in the Gold Coast is not to darken the whole of Southern, Central and Eastern Africa to the confusion of liberal statesmanship and the profit of none but the Communists and their fellow-travellers. We trust that the conference in Central Africa will produce agreement, not only between the three local Governments, but between the Parties here at home.

Defence without Pretence

MMR. DREW MIDDLETON'S admirable book *The Defence of Europe* (Muller, 15s.) reviews the progress which the West has made during the past two years in assembling the means required to carry out a sound policy towards Russia. As head of the *New York Times* European Bureau, Mr. Middleton has unsurpassed access to official sources; an uncompromising realist, he casts his balance with a ruthless but stimulating rejection of pretence. More probable than peace, Mr. Middleton holds, is "a third world war started by the Russians" because "all history teaches that success in conquest, political or military, leads only to a greater appetite for conquest"; because daily reading of *Pravda* and *Izvestia* gives the "impression that the Russian people are being prepared for an 'inevitable' war"; and because the vicious Soviet anti-American propaganda "organizes moral forces which only war can implement." If a Russian-made war does come, Mr. Middleton is disposed to agree with General Charles Mast that the Russians and their satellites have the strength to make their strategic blows world-wide, with naval, air, and ground attack in the Arctic aimed at capturing Alaska and Iceland; air-ground attack in the Middle East aimed at occupying Suez and the oil areas of Persia, Iraq and Saudi Arabia; air-ground attack in Scandinavia, Western Europe, the Balkans and North Africa, aimed at conquering all Europe and sweeping Western military power from the African shore of the Mediterranean; harassing action in Korea and Japan, accompanied by indirect action by China in South-East Asia; and world-wide submarine attack against the sea-borne transport of the anti-Soviet coalition. Mr. Middleton is under no illusions about the present inadequacy of Western strength to meet such blows: but he also holds that the great advances of the past two years—in which ground forces have nearly doubled, and other arms also show notable progress—have made a Russian walk-over impossible. The gains already realized are not enough: but what has been done gives ground for hope. It is also a call to sustained effort by all the Powers concerned.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY*: ARE THEY COMPATIBLE? YES

By LORD PAKENHAM

I HOPE I shall be forgiven if I make no attempt to answer this question by writing a brief pregnant history of the world. My treatment must inevitably be abstract and rather dogmatic, though the dangers of abstraction and dogmatism are known to all of us.

We start this discussion with an agreed definition of equality, but liberty is defined and understood in innumerable different ways. Lord Bryce (in *Modern Democracies*) distinguished civil liberty, religious liberty, political liberty (participation of the citizen in government) and individual liberty ("exemption from control in matters which do not so plainly affect the welfare of the whole community as to render control necessary"). President Roosevelt's Four Freedoms were somewhat different—Freedom of Speech, Freedom of Worship, Freedom from Want, Freedom from Fear. St. Paul speaks (*Romans viii. 21*) of "the glorious liberty of the children of God" . . . "whose service," says the Church of England Prayer Book, "is perfect freedom." There is a long religious tradition in favour of the view that we are only free when we carry out the divine law, that is, the will of God.

Bertrand Russell, now Lord Russell, proclaimed the Unbeliever's Creed, a good many years ago, under the title of "the free man's worship." I remember a Nazi telling me before the War that what National Socialism had done for him was to make him free (striking his

breast). He meant that he had been freed from the inner shame of Versailles. Various British philosophers have used "freedom" to mean whatever system gives the greatest opportunity of self-development, and I have found psychologists using "freedom" and "integration" as synonymous terms.

* These definitions, even where we can accept them, are too wide for our immediate purpose. For this essay we cannot accept a definition of freedom which makes any society *free* that we happen to think *good*, and which would enable, for example, a supporter of our Colonial system in Africa to argue that it was as free as our system in Britain. At the other extreme we must reject an old-fashioned Liberal interpretation of freedom, under which the degree of freedom was measured by the extent to which *laissez-faire* prevailed, and varied inversely with the amount of State interference. This last is the concept of freedom which Labour speakers (*quorum pars parva fui*) have repudiated on a thousand platforms, under the heading of "freedom to starve."

For the purpose of what follows I cannot avoid a definition of freedom with both a negative and a positive side.

* N.B. For the purposes of this discussion, Lord Pakenham and Mr. Smith have agreed the following definition of Equality: "The elimination of all inequalities in a community, including those of inherited wealth, which are not natural, trivial, plainly in the public interest, or necessary for family life."—EDITOR.

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Negatively, I mean by a free society one which subjects each citizen to the minimum coercive pressure of the State, of his fellow-men, and of circumstances. Positively, I mean a society which provides the fullest opportunities of participation to all citizens, including participation in political and industrial government.

Let us now have a first shot at the question set us, rather in the manner of an examinee putting down one or two things straight away which he thinks he cannot get wrong. First, there has been a great increase in equality in this country in recent years. Secondly, there has been a simultaneous increase in the activities of the State, including those of Local Authorities and Public Boards. One has in mind particularly the immense expansion of Social Services, the rationing of consumer goods, State control of industry and commerce, and—not automatically related to the rest—the nationalization of various industries. Thirdly, there have been inside and outside nationalized industries, inside and outside this country, many manifestations of a managerial autocracy. This Managerial Autocracy, whatever its economic *raison d'être*, and whether we find it in Russia, America, or Britain, is recognized by many of all parties as a special danger to liberty. It is commented on in that sense by Mr. Attlee in his preface to the new Fabian Essays, which are, incidentally, much concerned with the problem.

This third development, the Managerial Autocracy, cannot in my view be directly attributed to Egalitarianism, though possible interactions between the two are touched on later. But I have no doubt at all, even bearing in mind two great wars and our persistent economic difficulties, that it is the egalitarian pressure during recent years which has been mainly responsible for

the second big development—the assumption of such new and vast responsibilities by the State.

It is not my duty here to consider the economic effects of all this—the effect, that is, on the national income. I cannot stop to enquire how our average standard of life to-day compares with what it would have been if *laissez-faire* and the much more unequal society of the 19th century had continued. Unlike a good many of my Socialist friends I was not influenced in abandoning Conservatism and joining the Labour Party by any particular conviction that Socialism would be more efficient. I happen to feel certain that the system we have had since the War, whatever one may choose to call it, has been more efficient than the pre-war social and economic set-up. But it is not a matter of faith and morals with me, or a universal proposition, that any Socialist will always be more efficient than any Conservative Government. What does seem to me beyond dispute is that the present system is juster than the old, and that any Socialist distribution of wealth will be juster than any Conservative distribution, so long as the Parties retain anything like their present characters. And with one per cent. of the population still owning nearly half the wealth of the country, there is room for a great deal more redistribution before anything like a property-owning democracy comes into sight. But this discussion of social justice, while necessary to explain the motive force behind the whole egalitarian drive, is once again hardly germane to our real topic.

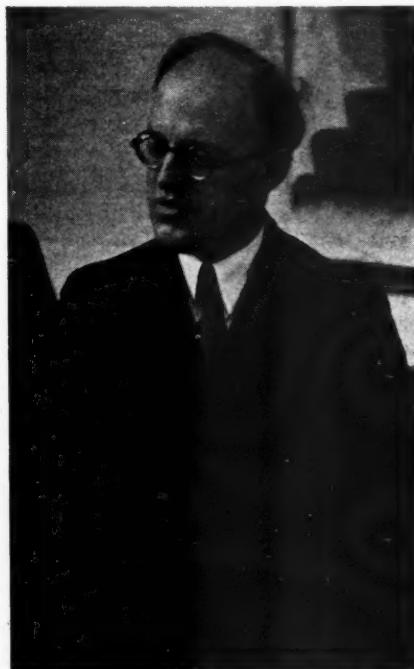
The questions to concentrate on are surely these: (1) Has freedom suffered from the greater equality, i.e. from that particular element in the history of our times? (2) Will freedom suffer if we press on to a much greater measure of equality than any yet attained?

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY: ARE THEY COMPATIBLE? YES

As regards the first question, I am not aware of any Conservative leader who has given, or would be likely to give, an affirmative answer; who would say, in other words, that freedom has already suffered from the Welfare State. We in the Labour Party are insistent that we have introduced freedom for the many to the detriment, if detriment there be, of the very few. Much of the new freedom claimed for the mass of the people is the freedom of mind; freedom, in fact, from want and fear, which flows directly from a new security. The Conservatives usually retort either that we have no right to claim a monopoly in the establishment of the Welfare State, or that we have gone ahead faster than the economy of the country permits. They do not, in my experience, criticize what has been done as, on balance, diminishing freedom.

Does that mean that I regard anxieties about future dangers to freedom as trivial prejudices to be lightly brushed aside? No, I do not think the matter is half so simple as that. We live in an age when one kind of liberty is increasingly threatened in all industrial countries, and quite apart from politics, by the growth of Managerial Autocracy. I think that certain kinds of State activity increase that danger, even if they diminish other dangers which flowed from the personal insecurity inherent in the older capitalism. Every time a number of small firms are amalgamated into a big one, whether nationalized or otherwise, liberty tends to be diminished, though efficiency may well be increased.

And this tendency will continue, unless conscious and deliberate steps are taken by the new rulers of every such industry to secure not only decentralization, but active workers' participation in the life of the industry—a rarity to-day, in so far as it exists at all.



LORD PAKENHAM.

(Picture Post Library.)

As between a large amalgamation in private hands, and the same under State ownership, I would only say this: there is an undeniable tendency towards more centralization in a nationalized concern, unless it is deliberately corrected. It arises from the ultimate responsibility of the Minister and the nationalized Board to the public for what goes on in the industry, producing a natural desire to have a say in every decision which is taken. Speaking, however, as an ex-Minister who was responsible for a nationalized industry for three years, I submit with confidence the other side of the argument. The Minister and the Chairman of the nationalized Board have much more incentive and much more scope for promoting de-centralization and workers' participation, even when this appears uneconomic, than the Board of a private company, who simply

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cannot go beyond a certain point in neglecting the interests of their shareholders for the sake of a wider good. In short, the nationalized industry may well provide less freedom, but has it in its power to provide more.

Let me now have another shot at our question: are liberty and equality compatible? Up to the present the progress of equality in this country, exemplified in the Welfare State, has on balance greatly assisted the liberation of the masses, though certain economic trends in this country and elsewhere have all the time been working in the opposite direction—of making men and women more and more like cogs in the machine. But the future prospect is more complex. We must assume that increased equality will mean, in most cases, an increase of State activity. In so far as this produces less subordination of one man to another, and alleviates the harsher economic pressures, it will increase freedom. But such a gain can be more than offset by an undue concentration of economic and social power in the hands of the State, particularly if that means a small group acting nominally in the community's name.

In Britain during recent years equality, liberty (if we include security), State action, and the standard of life, have all increased together. I do not feel certain that that harmony will continue, or can continue, whatever the politicians say or do about it. The Socialist of to-day will continue to press towards a more equal, and therefore a more just, society. (How, incidentally, can the Tory who honestly believes in a property-owning democracy deny the claims, in moral theory, of a further radical re-distribution of wealth?) The theoretical limit to this process is in my view set by the necessity of allowing some measure of inherited wealth in the interests of

family life and continuity. But that limit still lies far ahead of us. The Socialist, I repeat, will press on towards equality. But he must ask himself at every stage, not only whether he is prepared to face a possible threat to the standard of life that may arise from his levelling activities, but how far his levelling involves an addition to the functions of the State, and if so whether on balance human liberty will gain or lose.

This is not the place for a careful discussion of workers' control, joint consultation, co-partnership, producers' or consumers' co-operatives, or any other alternatives or supplements to nationalization as we know it to-day. I believe that if the Labour Party really applied itself to the problem tremendous advances in the whole field of workers' participation could be made within the next five years, until a real new doctrine of Social Personalism emerged. Until that occurs great caution should be displayed and, in the absence of change, will be displayed by the Party in saddling the State with new responsibilities. This does not, of course, provide a reason for surrendering responsibilities already assumed, or the faintest justification for the various schemes of denationalization now afoot. Nor does it preclude a really bold attack on educational inequalities in the immediate future, provided two conditions are satisfied: first, that the educational quality embodied in our finer institutions is on no account impaired, and secondly, that religious freedom is preserved, for without that the other freedoms are nothing or worse than nothing.

Let me summarize what I have said. We are asked whether liberty and equality are compatible. We agreed on a definition of equality and I submitted my own of liberty. On these definitions equality has by common

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consent much increased in Britain in recent years and so, in my opinion, has liberty for the great majority. As regards the future there are some developments of modern industrialism which will endanger liberty, irrespective of party policies. And other developments should strengthen it, if only by raising the standard of living and so diminishing want and insecurity. The movement towards complete equality has a long way to go before it threatens family life. On grounds of social justice, it should be supported in the abstract. But this same movement towards equality can

be conducted in a way that increases or diminishes the danger to liberty inherent in the present age. I believe that Socialists can find the right solution (within the limits of human frailty) but only if they realize that the State is neither a friend nor an enemy, merely an instrument. In all the fresh thinking that is going on, the emphasis must fall on the Human Person, above all on his fuller participation in the real management of his life. That task is hopeful if, but only if, it is approached in a spirit of Christian fellowship.

PAKENHAM.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY: ARE THEY COMPATIBLE? NO

By JOHN SMITH

SENSIBLE people dislike inequality. There are enough barriers between man and man already without adding unnecessary distinctions; and envy or class consciousness—two vices which the Socialists have fostered—will poison any human relationship. But complete equality, and especially equality suddenly imposed, would, even if it did not immediately destroy liberty, at least render liberty helpless against attack.

Before vanishing into the jungle of debate, I should, I suppose, define my terms. But the words liberty and equality, like peace and democracy, have been worn smooth with too much handling, mostly by Communists, till their meanings can now no longer be deciphered. In fact, George Orwell's dictum that all animals are equal, but that some are more equal than others, is merely the conclusion of a book—*Animal Farm*—in which he argues the

very same case that I am arguing now. If pressed, I should be tempted to define liberty as merely the sensation of feeling free, did I not know that this is the definition which would give most pleasure to Fascists and Communists alike. As it is I shall accept the Editor's definition of equality and Lord Pakenham's of liberty, and I shall concede that, whatever their meanings, liberty and equality are *in theory* perfectly compatible. Clearly if all men wished to remain truly equal, liberty need not be impaired. Equal men cannot lose their liberty to each other; both liberty and equality imply the absence of an oppressor. But these conditions are unattainable. I believe that equality is neither a natural nor a stable condition; that however often achieved it can never last; and that to impose it or to reimpose it merely involves a loss of liberty, the use of oppression, and the creation of a different and

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worse form of inequality than before.

Men are not equal by nature; and all other inequalities, however irrational they may appear, and however distant in time from their source, originate in natural inequalities, which can only be eliminated—and then only to the national detriment—by continuous suppressive legislation. Men are not even born equal. In the most egalitarian society the son of a cabinet minister, even if he does not inherit his father's ability or his family's savings, will have better-than-average conditions in which to study his books, and better opportunities of learning from his father and his father's friends. In any society a man will want to provide as well as he can for his family both during his life and after his death. If nature gives him advantages he will turn them to his family's account, whether in terms of money or of influence. We are not taught by the Bible to bury our talent in the name of equality, to sail through life in convoy, reduced to the speed of the slowest, ringed with political escorts when there is no danger about, and arriving too late at the other end. If we were to do this, both national and family life would suffer. It is among the most decadent features of our time that a national figure such as Mr. Aneurin Bevan should habitually use the word "competitive" in a pejorative sense. But I doubt whether a nation, whose appetite for competitive sports and games borders on the lunatic, will ever really believe that competition is evil.

Not only is it evident that equality would have to be forced on us, but in any case, the whole of our national life depends on inequalities. Some of these are agreed to be in the national interest—such as that Ministers shall have cars and secretaries to save them from exhaustion and routine. The matter goes deeper than this, however, since,

in fact, almost all inequalities are in the public interest. The value of inequalities, whether of rank, of salary, of recognition in the shape of decorations, even of wealth where it commands respect and authority, is to create a slender but intricate framework of discipline—the skeleton of our national flesh. If the inequalities are tacitly accepted, the discipline becomes self-discipline, and liberty is preserved. It is for this that England has been long and ardently admired by every country in the world. Countries such as Russia and America, which in theory suffer from fewer social inequalities, are obliged to use far more force than ourselves when discipline has to be maintained. If the inequalities provoke criticism, something is wrong and liberty is in danger: either the critics are in search of more power for themselves than liberty warrants, or the inequalities have grown too great. In the 19th century the capitalist strayed outside the framework of discipline. As a result organized labour is doing the same thing to-day. It is the memory and traces of the former which provide an excuse for the latter, and hide from us its dangers.

Many forms of equality do, of course, exist. Equality before God is taken for granted, partly because it is not an election cry. Equality before the law has been achieved—though some would deny this—and is generally accepted, thanks to this national sense of discipline. Political equality exists in theory, though in fact our political institutions merely demonstrate the absence of any connection between liberty and equality. In the name of equality we have adopted the extraordinary system of giving everybody one vote—except peers (considered by Socialists to occupy one end of the scale) and lunatics (considered by Conservatives to occupy the other). This vote can be used at least

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once in five years to pass a verdict on the retiring administration, most of whose actions will in fact be irrevocable and in any case will either be unknown to the voter or misrepresented to him. The new administration will, if it is a Conservative one, do what it thinks best for the country in the circumstances that arise—a sound aim but a poor electoral bribe; if it is a Socialist one it will act in accordance with its mandate, which is a programme prepared in advance by the party executive to be applied in unknown circumstances which have not yet arisen, and whose individual items the voter may neither understand nor approve. Political equality merely means the freedom of all Englishmen, no matter how wise or how foolish, to make equally ineffective criticisms.

Equality of sacrifice is to some extent accepted, although any extension of control in the name of equality involves a loss of freedom and the production of a new inequality. To take an unimportant example, food-rationing, which is generally accepted and would seem to be unobjectionable on this score, in fact removes a consumer's freedom of choice by, for instance, cutting his consumption of sweets, which he may prefer to sugar, in the theoretical interests of somebody else whose preferences may be exactly the opposite.

Of the inequalities which exist, some are trivial. No balanced person objects to the inequalities of hereditary titles, old school ties, or traditional occasions—such as the Coronation. It would be as reasonable to take exception to the inequalities of a flower-bed. Indeed, these harmless and colourful inequalities have the advantage of inspiring the devotion and energies of those whom it might otherwise be difficult to harness to the national chariot; the world is repeatedly being made safe for demo-



JOHN SMITH.

(Vandyk Ltd.)

crary by people who are really fighting to make it safe for the Eton and Harrow match.

There is, however, one last inequality; that of inherited wealth. This is the inequality which above all others provokes criticism. From it, amongst other sources, springs inequality of opportunity (about which let no more be said, except that, so far as it can be, it must be eradicated, provided the highest standards of education are not lowered in the process—a goal which the present salaries of schoolteachers place far away). It is argued that wealth is too easily amassed, that it is not amassed through ability or skill, but simply through power over the worker; and that wealth is too easily perpetuated. Most of this is mere preaching at the past, but it is clear nowadays, when almost all political controversy is due to the use of political power for economic ends, that a government nominally pursuing a policy of liberty and equality may find its path blocked by the existing inequalities of wealth.

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In fact, however, an arbitrary inequality of wealth is a guarantee of liberty. To begin with, we owe what liberty we have to the activities of rich and privileged eccentrics whose state of leisure allowed them to study and defend liberty, by arms when necessary. In addition, the apparatus of power can nowadays be terrifyingly efficient. Efficiency of this sort is the enemy of liberty, and nothing which checks the use of power should nowadays be lightly discarded. Power should now be difficult to exercise: change, especially in an old country, should be made seldom, slowly, and only when absolutely necessary, not often and violently. The stream of power should flow with difficulty through a broad marsh full of snags and shallows and inexplicable islands, not race through a narrow artificial channel to cause sudden and disastrous floods. Rich men form those snags and islands, apparently so unfunctional and obstructive. It is often said that money is power. But it is forgotten that most rich men use the power and influence their money gives them not in a positive and selfish way, but only, if at all, to delay change. A great deal of power should always be, as until now it has been, in the hands of people who do not want to use it. If wealth is to be equally distributed these restraints and reservoirs of power will disappear; there will be no check on the exercise by a few far from "equal" politicians, determined to use it to the full, of absolute control, economic and political. The groundnut scheme is not even a foretaste of the consequences, since that reacted only indirectly on personal liberty; the sufferings and deprivations of liberty caused in Russia and Eastern Europe by rash and sweeping economic experiments show more accurately what to expect.

Moreover the abolition of inherited wealth would expose people to greater

inequalities than ever; by making the unexpected or early death of a father have a disproportionate effect on the way of life of the family he leaves behind. The abler the father, and the more he was earning, the greater would be the inequality of suffering. Unequal enough already is the present barbarous system of Death Duties, whereby Death and the Inland Revenue hover together in the bed-curtains, and the family of the dying man know that they are losing not only a father or a husband, but their entire way of life as well, while keeping only their responsibilities—a system too macabre to contemplate, as anyone who has experienced its working will testify. It is no answer to smile and point out that very few people are affected; very few people are cruel to their children, but that does not condone the cruelty. Punitive levelling, especially when inflicted at the very moment of bereavement and suffering, is inhuman and indefensible.

Lastly, we live in a world where whatever liberty we have has got to be defended. The country that works hardest and saves most, freely or compulsorily, will end up with the highest power of production for peace or war, and can never be successfully attacked. In this race Russia has chosen the path of compulsion. If we are, without compulsion, to keep our liberty and our lead we must release the natural instincts and energies of our people. We must make it possible for all to rise to their own highest level; possible for all to save by hard work; and possible for all to transmit their savings to their families. This is not the path of equality: but it is because these conditions are to-day deliberately absent that we suffer from industrial unrest, envy and a sense of injustice.

JOHN SMITH.

A WEST INDIAN DOMINION?

By BERNARD BRAINE, M.P.

THE day is perhaps not far distant when a new West Indian Dominion may be added to the Commonwealth. But long before this can be achieved the constellation of strangely dissimilar islands which lie scattered across the wide Caribbean, and the two mainland colonies of British Guiana and British Honduras, must learn to live and work together. The first step is their political federation, and to discuss this in detail a conference may be held in London later this summer. Nearly five years have elapsed since twenty-two delegates representing over three million people in the British Caribbean colonies meeting at Montego Bay in Jamaica under the Chairmanship of the then Colonial Secretary, accepted the principle of federation and resolved that a Standing Closer Association Committee should be set up to report on the form a federal constitution should take and the means whereby federal services could be financed.

The idea of closer association was not new. The Moyne Commission, which went to the West Indies in 1938 to study and report on social and economic conditions, considered that although political federation would not of itself solve the pressing needs of the region nevertheless ". . . it is the end to which policy should be directed." Thus in 1945 the various colonial legislatures were asked by the British Government to discuss the whole question with a view to holding a conference. The significance of what followed at Montego Bay was that, although the gathering was presided over by the Secretary of State, the views expressed and the conclusions

reached were those of West Indians. There was no attempt by the British Government then to impose federation upon the Caribbean, nor is there any disposition to do so to-day. To federate or not to federate is a question which West Indians must answer for themselves.

The Standing Closer Association Committee got swiftly to work. It had a British Chairman (Sir Hubert Rance, now Governor of Trinidad), a secretary nominated by the Secretary of State and seventeen members appointed by the legislatures of the colonies represented at Montego Bay. Within a year a unanimous report was produced recommending a federal constitution with the seat of government in Trinidad. The constitution of Australia was taken as a model. It was proposed that there should be a two-chamber legislature—a Senate nominated by the constituent territories and a House of Assembly of fifty members elected by universal adult suffrage. There would be a federal cabinet responsible to the elected house. Certain powers would be assigned to the legislature, but in all other matters each individual colony would retain control over its own affairs. Dominion status was not proposed for the very good reason that for some years the region would remain dependent upon financial aid from the United Kingdom Treasury. Federation would therefore represent only a halfway house to sovereign independence.

Now here is a dilemma. Self-government is meaningless unless it is accompanied by reasonable financial independence. Yet while individual territories are moving, some with great rapidity, towards self-government few

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are in a position to accelerate their own economic development. If they are to remain isolated units few will ever be able to stand on their own feet. But the nearer they get to self-government the more clamant the demand for the protection of local interests is likely to become, and the greater the resistance to absorption into a large political unit.

The tragedy of the West Indies is of having too many people living in too small a space, too great a dependence upon a few main crops—sugar, cocoa, citrus, bananas—produced for export and too few resources of any other kind. True, there is mineral wealth in British Guiana ; Trinidad, more favoured than most, has oil ; North American interests are exploiting bauxite in Jamaica ; the region has rich timber resources. But if increasing population is to be absorbed, if living standards are to be maintained—let alone raised—there is a compelling need to broaden and diversify the economy.

A good deal has already been done to raise agricultural productivity. In Barbados patient and devoted research work over the past 20 years has enabled the yield of sugar to be doubled from roughly the same acreage. New varieties, new methods of propagation, new techniques in preparing the soil are increasing the yield of cocoa and citrus. Disease is being mastered. New uses are being found for sugarcane by-products. New crops, which may add substantially to the region's export income, are being tried out. But an agricultural revolution is not enough. Except in the mainland colonies, where population density is low, the land may not be able to absorb many more workers. On the contrary, increasing agricultural productivity may well be accompanied, as elsewhere in the world, by a decrease in the agricultural population.

There is need, therefore, to encourage the growth of secondary industries. Unfortunately the region possesses no coal although there is much surplus bagasse (the residue of sugar-cane after juice has been extracted) which can be used as fuel. It produces only a small range of raw materials. It can offer only a limited market. Moreover, the only kind of industry which could absorb a fast-expanding population into gainful employment would be that in which the number of workers employed is large in relation to the capital outlay. These are severe limitations but within them there are distinct possibilities—as experience in neighbouring Puerto Rico, faced with the same problems, has clearly shown. Already under the stimulus of generous tax concessions, an encouraging number of new industries is being established in the larger colonies.

But herein lies a danger. The economies of all these territories are competitive rather than complementary. It would be disastrous if each of them continued to go its own way, embarking upon economic development without regard to what was happening elsewhere in the region. That would accentuate existing weakness. The need, surely, is to strengthen the economy of the region as a whole. Indeed, one of the strongest arguments for federation is that capital is not likely to be attracted on the requisite scale unless economic development is planned on a regional basis.

If federation is so desirable, why then has progress towards it been so slow ? It is now two years since the report of the Standing Closer Association Committee was published. Certainly the majority of the Legislatures concerned have accepted it in principle, but there seems to be a growing reluctance to do very much about it. In some quarters—notably in British Guiana,

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but also in British Honduras—hostility to federation is openly expressed ; and the ardour of some who only a year or so ago were enthusiastic for it now seems to have cooled. Much of this opposition may seem irrational and ill-considered, but it cannot easily be discounted. It springs from deep-seated racial fears and prejudices, from considerations of personal and party ambition, and even from genuine doubts that federation can be made to work. It would be quite wrong to underestimate the strength of such feelings.

Perhaps from a distance one West Indian colony looks very much like another. But despite their long connection with the British Crown, these territories are divided by differences of culture, outlook and racial composition. Barbadians, for example, both black and white, are conservative in temperament, and very English in their outlook—which is not surprising, for their island has been British ever since it was peaceably settled in 1627. Trinidad, on the other hand, had three centuries of Spanish rule and there is a Latin quality about the island and its people. St. Lucia and Grenada still betray traces of French occupation. Geography, too, conspires against unity. There are a thousand miles of sea between Trinidad and Jamaica ; an even greater distance between British Honduras and Barbados. Few Jamaicans have ever visited another Caribbean territory, and few have any desire to do so.

All these factors have engendered fierce local patriotisms, which promote jealousies and rivalries and hamper the development of a Caribbean consciousness. It is true that all the small islands are in favour of federation ; that is because they are poor and overpopulated, and have everything to gain from merging into a larger unit. On the other hand, enthusiasm for federa-

tion is tempered in the more prosperous colonies by the knowledge that they will have to carry the burden of their poorer brethren. In Trinidad this is offset to some extent by the glittering prospect of being the seat of government, the centre of communications and perhaps even the industrial heart of the region. But then again this is a prospect not much to the liking of Jamaicans, who constitute about half the population of the region and consider themselves its natural leaders. In some ways their claim is justified for they have had remarkable success in developing a society free from colour prejudice—and it is only upon a basis of racial tolerance and mutual respect that a West Indian State could ever be built. But if Jamaican leaders favour federal government, it is no doubt in the belief that they will play the major role. And the very thought that this might be so makes many other West Indians fight shy of federation. Barbadians view the whole matter with extreme caution. Their approach is empirical. Federation may be necessary, but it should come slowly—one step at a time. Moreover, they fear that federation, which means some limitation of their own sovereignty, may bring irresponsible influences from other parts of the region to bear upon the life and activity of their own people.

The attitude of British Guiana is different again. If in the island colonies the negro predominates, here on the mainland almost half the population is East Indian, descended from indentured labourers brought from India to work on the sugar plantations following the end of negro slavery. In Trinidad, too, East Indians constitute a powerful minority, unassimilated and growing increasingly suspicious of federation. In British Honduras much of the population outside the capital Belize is Maya or Spanish-speaking. Indeed,

throughout the West Indies one can find small, interesting minorities—like the “red-legs” of Barbados who are white, and the Maroons of Jamaica who are black—holding stubbornly to their own traditions. It is the habit of minorities everywhere to resist change which may diminish their relative strength. Both British Guiana and British Honduras have space and untapped resources. One of the arguments for federation has been that it will enable population to be more evenly matched to resources. East Indians in British Guiana interpret that as meaning mass immigration of negroes from the overcrowded islands ; and whereas they are now within an ace of becoming the majority, negro immigration would make them a permanent minority. Others, who are not influenced by considerations of this kind, oppose federation on the purely practical ground that it will impose too heavy a financial burden upon terri-

tories which have always found it difficult to raise revenue. Most federal services would be provided, of course, by merely transferring them from the control of individual colonies to that of the federal government, but a federal superstructure is bound to cost more, and there are not a few who believe that it will cost substantially more than the original estimate of £200,000 a year.

Yet, despite all these objections, most West Indian leaders will admit, privately if not publicly, that federation simply must come and that without it large-scale economic development, which alone can save the region from disaster, cannot take place. The question is—how soon ? Time is not on their side. They must soon face the realities. The London Conference, if it takes place, should provide the opportunity—perhaps the last opportunity—for a bold and statesmanlike decision.

BERNARD BRAINE.

WHAT THE NEXT U.S. PRESIDENT MUST FACE

By DENYS SMITH

WHETHER the Republican or Democratic Presidential candidate (still to be picked at Chicago, as this is written) wins the election in November, he will face the same difficult problem during his four years in the White House. This might be summed up briefly as how to reconcile a period of high international tension with a growing public reluctance to make the supreme efforts which will crown the programme of the past five years with success.

This summer has seen the conclusion of new European treaties which the

American Secretary of State, Mr. Acheson, perhaps prematurely, declared “represent the birth of a new Germany, a new Europe and a new period of history.” It has also seen the growth of a non-communist opposition in every country to the joint peace and security programme. The roots of these various national oppositions feed from different soils but bear the same fruit. The conclusions reached and the views expressed by Mr. Bevan, General de Gaulle and Herr Schumacher find an echo in the United States. The United States took the initiative in devising the

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present programme, but pride of authorship no longer carries with it the certainty of support.

One element contributing to this new mood has been the views expressed abroad. Americans have given a lot of money to foreigners, but the more they provide the more unpopular they seem to be. Dollars do not "win friends and influence people." Mr. Bevan was quoted in the Foreign Aid debates as having said: "I do not believe the American nation has the experience, the sagacity or the self-restraint necessary for world leadership at this time," and of the American-initiated rearmament programme "quite honestly I cannot see any sense in it." This was meat for the opposition. They do not want America to assume leadership which involves responsibility and moral commitments. They, too, consider that rearmament expenditure is excessive. Administration supporters were able to dismiss Mr. Bevan's views as unrepresentative, but they could not dismiss all the criticism directed against United States policies nor could they counter effectively the complaint that there had been no ringing denunciation from the British Government of the Soviet "hate America" campaign, particularly the fantastic germ warfare charges. Moreover some responsible sections of British opinion seemed to have accepted the Communist propaganda line that the methods used to repel aggression in Korea were more heinous than the aggression itself. America should cease using napalm bombs and should never consider the use of any atomic weapon.

The complaint that America is "panicky" has its reverse echo in the United States. "European cities are under the guns and cannons of Russia. They are not nearly so much afraid of war apparently as we are," said Representative Miller, Nebraska Republican, explaining his vote for a reduction in

Foreign Aid. If the emergency was not as great as the Administration claimed, then it would be safe to spend less on re-armament. The attitude of European nations towards trade with Iron Curtain countries also suggested that they did not take the Russian threat too seriously. Britain, it was complained, sold Russia marine engines, machine tools and natural rubber. Said Senator Kem, Missouri Republican: "There can be no doubt that of the traitorous shipments of rubber from Britain to Russia, some of the rubber found its way into weapons of war used in Korea."

Perhaps the most widespread and potent reason for the reductions in Foreign Aid and America's own re-armament programme is the fear of national insolvency. The strongest element of Western strength, it is maintained, is the economic stability of the United States, threatened by high taxation and ever larger budgets. With some this fear is genuine, with others it is a convenient argument to give respectability to less valid motives. It is usually coupled with the complaint that other countries rely too much on the United States and contribute too little themselves. It is interesting to note that every Presidential candidate has had to bow in the direction of this thesis. "America cannot continue to be the primary source of munitions for the entire free world," said Eisenhower. "We should realistically re-examine the need and re-distribute and equalize the burden, to the largest extent possible easing our own share," said Senator Kefauver. "I do not think that perpetual financial assistance is good either for the country which extends it nor for that which receives it," said Senator Taft. Mr. Harriman, being responsible for the foreign aid programme, naturally supported it to the full, but the report of a Committee

of which he was Chairman before the Marshall Plan was adopted, setting a limit of some five thousand million dollars a year as what the American economy could safely withstand, was quoted against him. Actually American taxation, reckoned as a percentage of gross national product, is less than in Britain. The figures are 26·2 per cent. for the United States and 33·7 per cent. for Britain. The point was made more graphically by Senator Humphrey, Minnesota Democrat: "As a matter of fact the American people during the past year have spent more for their alcohol, for their tobacco and for their luxuries than they have spent for all foreign aid. . . . Surely our sense of values will not permit us to put pleasure above national security? I do not believe we can protect ourselves from Communist aggression by blowing smoke in the eyes of Communists and I do not think we are going to increase our strength by putting cocktails ahead of military preparedness."

Another factor contributing to the present mood is disappointment or disillusionment. Said Senator Dirksen, Illinois Republican: "We lift our eyes as Ishmael did in the wilderness, and we behold instability and fear and danger that is greater now than before these astronomical expenditures were undertaken. . . . There has not been

more tranquillity in the world, there has been less." Others noted that since the war 600 million people have been won to the Communist side "without the Russians losing a single soldier in combat." Were not the free nations preparing to meet the wrong kind of menace by building up their military strength? The Communists had developed methods of expansion which did not involve military force, and did not involve vast aid programmes. This argument overlapped the "national solvency" argument. Said Senator Nixon, California Republican: "A nation can destroy itself from within while striving to defend itself against aggression from without. Which should be put first, American economy or the military level held desirable?"

The outside world has often feared the effects of an American economic depression, and a continuation of the present mental depression may prove just as damaging. But nations, like people, seem to have their moody moments and grow out of them. The doctors frequently tell their patients that they need a change. The United States is about to have a change. A new Administration of whatever kind, providing an opportunity for a fresh start and a fresh look-around, may work wonders.

DENYS SMITH.

TITO'S LAND POLICY

By JOHN POELS

IN 1948 Stalin quarrelled with Tito. This quarrel has been followed in Yugoslavia by increasing friendliness towards the West on the one hand, and on the other by a number of "liberalizing measures" within her own borders. Theoretically there is nothing

in these changes which is inconsistent with the maintenance of a Communist régime in Yugoslavia. For the break with Russia simply meant that Tito, not Stalin, was to decide what was the true Marxist line for his country; and the "liberalizing measures" have

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largely been dictated by the threat of economic collapse and the need for help from the West. But in practice the question arises whether, having set the ball rolling in the new direction, Tito will be able to maintain his Communist faith and objectives.

The answer to this question must, I believe, be sought in the policy which Tito adopts towards the peasants and the Church. For while there can be as many interpretations of *Das Kapital* as there have been of the Bible there can be little variation in the objectives of a Communist ruler in regard to the ownership of land and religious beliefs. It is not only that the continued existence of these things is of itself a contradiction of Marxist theories of inevitable social development. It is also that in the independence they inculcate they provide a source of opposition which can persist even when the Press is controlled and independent political parties have been abolished.

The aim of a Communist ruler is therefore always to destroy the independence of the peasant, by collectivizing his land, and making him dependent upon the State. This is still, I think, the aim of Marshal Tito, but while his objective has remained unchanged the actual policies he has adopted have varied considerably. In this article I will attempt to trace the variations in Tito's land policy.

These variations began after the War, when Yugoslavia reduced the size of farms to not more than 38 hectares and then proceeded with a policy of collectivization at a quicker rate than any other Eastern European country, except perhaps Bulgaria. She was enabled to do this, first because most large estates had already been broken up before 1939, and secondly because the Communist Party being in open power from the beginning, she did not have to cope with the variety

of other Parties—Small Holders, National Peasant, Agrarian, Ploughman's and the rest—that flourished temporarily, like wild flowers on bombed sites, in other Eastern European countries. With collectivization thus proceeding more quickly in Yugoslavia than elsewhere, it occasioned considerable surprise when, amongst the Cominform denunciations of Tito in 1948, was listed an accusation that he had "neglected the class war in the villages." There was an added irony in the fact that exactly the same quotations were made from Lenin to support this accusation as had been made a short time previously by Kardelj, the present Yugoslav Foreign Minister, in support of his Government's land policy.

The effect of this denunciation and of the break with Russia was to increase rather than decrease the rate of collectivization. By the spring of 1949 there were over 4,000 collectives and by the time I was there in 1950 a quarter of the land had been collectivized. But in pursuing this policy Tito was placed in a dilemma. On the one hand he wished to pursue the Marxist line and conscientiously collectivize the country. On the other he did not wish to antagonize the peasants, since they were the majority of the population, and the economy of the country, particularly after the break with Russia, depended upon them.

These two aims were mutually contradictory. Nevertheless an attempt was made to reconcile them by means of what was called the "voluntary principle." The peasants were to be induced to enter collective farms not by force, but by gentle pressure. Such was Tito's belief in Marxist theories that he believed that this inducement would be sufficient to prove those theories right; and that

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all that was necessary for him to secure his objective was to make the collectives better off through the provision of tractors and fertilizers, and the independent farmer worse off through a system of tolls and discriminatory taxation. I remember these methods being explained to me by a dispossessed Slovenian land-owner with great virulence and much detail. On a quick calculation he had a minus income of several thousand dinars. But whatever the truth of his figures, his argument found confirmation in a speech by Tito himself. "We are pursuing," said the Marshal, "a vigorous but gradual policy towards our village rich."

This policy failed for three reasons. The first was that local Communists neglected the "voluntary principle" and tended to push into co-operatives peasants who were not feeling in the least co-operative and whose sole common wish was for the scheme to be wrecked at the earliest possible moment. The second reason was that the co-operatives were not in fact better off than the independent peasants, so that there was no inducement for anyone to join them. This was partly because collectivization proceeded faster than the supply of tractors and fertilizers. "There are cases," Marshal Tito recently explained, "where co-operatives and their members still had to use wooden ploughs and hoes . . . which means that in such co-operatives they did not see any of the benefits which had been promised from the beginning." The third reason was that, far from being worse off, the independent peasant was better off than the collectives, because in order to obviate the effects of the drought, the compulsory levies on much of his produce were removed. He was therefore able to sell such produce on the free market.

The result of all this was that there was on the one hand a refusal to join the collectives, and on the other a great deal of discontent among those who had already done so. The effect of this discontent (which was augmented by the 1950 drought) was obviously cumulative, in that the stronger the methods that had to be used by local officials to make the peasants join the collectives, the stronger the opposition both inside and outside the collectives, and the stronger the methods necessary to suppress that opposition. This discontent, of which anyone travelling through the country in the last few years must have been aware, culminated in an agricultural strike which, beginning in the spring of 1951 in Slovenia, spread south to the Sava and Dalmatia by the end of last summer. Even in the Voivodina, where the collectives had probably been most successful, there was dissatisfaction.

The Government gallantly attempted to meet this discontent among the peasantry. They resorted to what M. Komar called "political and administrative" measures and even enforced Article 240 of the new Penal Code under which "causing the disruption of a co-operative" is punishable with imprisonment up to ten or fifteen years. Paradoxically, there was further emphasis on the "voluntary principle." And finally the collectives were re-organized on a profit-making basis, selling on the free market and giving their members regular wages to buy what they wished. The first two methods are obviously contradictory. To be sending batches of objectors to the other end of the country to be employed on "socially useful labour" might be in accord once with the best traditions of "Marxist realism," but it is a policy which cannot possibly be reconciled

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with the "voluntary principle" and the policy of gradualism which is being ostensibly pursued. The rulers of the country have therefore been unable to escape from their dilemma.

They must indulge in an open policy of compulsion or they must order a pause in the process of collectivization. Soviet Russia, faced with much the same problem, chose the former course; but Tito, for a variety of reasons, has until now chosen the latter.

It must not be imagined, however, that the Government have abandoned their original objectives. Kidric, who is President of the Federal Economic Council, a member of Tito's Politbureau, and one of the most important men in Yugoslavia, has warned the "enemies of Socialism" not to imagine that the recent abolition of "Compulsory State Purchase of some agricultural products heralded a return to Capitalism"; and Tito himself has said that the Government would not weaken its decision to put collectivization through, since it was part and parcel of Socialism. "In 1952," he went on, "it is hoped to supply the co-operatives with several thousands of tractors." Recently, reports from some Jugoslav provincial newspapers seem to show that with the worst of the economic crisis over the policy of voluntary collectivization has been resumed.

But despite the effect of taxation, and the fall in prices on the free market, it is unlikely that the peasants will yield to Tito's blandishments. Instead the Marshal will finally be forced to realize that his Marxist theories have failed and that more than tractors and fertilizers are needed to persuade anyone to enter a Communist co-operative. The reason for the failure

of that policy will be the same as that which caused it to be undertaken in the first place—namely, the independence of the peasantry. The Marxist does not believe in the peasant being independent. His land must be taken and his tools must be locked up at night. But the peasant clings to his land, because he realizes its possession gives him the independence he prizes more than anything else.

When, therefore, I read in a well-meaning book on Revolution in Eastern Europe that "the really new thing in peasant policy is that it is considered on economic terms, with real understanding of what the peasants need," it is clear to me that the author has missed the point by yards. The important point is not what the Communists say the peasants need, but what the peasants in fact want; and they want their independence more than they want the fertilizers. Such an abstract belief in the value of land ownership is ridiculed by the Communists. But when they find that it has not faded away as they foretold, and that the peasant still views the collectives with distrust, they will be forced to choose between admitting they were wrong and resorting to open and undisguised coercion.

There are signs that this stage has already been reached, and the choice which is made will be an indication of the future pattern of Tito's régime. Perhaps, in making his decision, Tito will remember that it was the same independence of the peasantry, which he is now attempting to destroy, which also provided the spirit of resistance to the Germans, and so put him into power. Gratitude is a quality unknown to Marxists, but dictators cannot afford to be unrealistic. JOHN POELS.

THE NEGLECTED SIDE OF DUMAS

By A. CRAIG BELL

ON July 24 this year the Mayor of Villers-Cotterets is unveiling a new statue* to mark the 150th anniversary of the birth of the little town's most illustrious citizen—Alexandre Dumas. The ceremony will be attended by admirers from all over the world; for despite austere critics and academic historians of literature, Dumas continues to hold the attention of posterity.

Anniversaries of the births and deaths of great writers have in reality little significance; if their works survive at all they are timeless, and if they do not live in the affection and esteem of posterity no amount of eulogy, however erudite, will give them new life. Nevertheless they provide occasion and material for the pointing of a moral or the adorning of a tale, and for the making of comparisons which are not always odious. I will begin by stating that precisely a hundred years ago, when Dumas' celebrity was just past its peak, and until about the time of his death, the name of a contemporary was frequently linked with his merely on account of the equal popularity of a couple of works; and I leave it to the French Academy and such-like highly respectable literary institutions to enlighten us as to why there is unlikely ever to be a statue erected to Eugène Sue, and why the *Mystères de Paris* and *The Wandering Jew* have long ago

* The former bronze statue, by Carrier-Belleuse, erected on the centenary of Dumas' birth, was removed and melted down for war purposes by the Nazis during their occupation of France.

dropped out of circulation while *Monte-Cristo* and *Twenty Years After* live on.

"Genius is always prolific." The dictum, attributed both to Haydn and to Beethoven, is true enough. One might even add to it and say: "Genius is always too prolific," recalling the colossal output of nineteenth-century French writers. (The complete works of Balzac, Hugo, Georges Sand and Dumas would form a reasonable library.) Like all such writers Dumas has had to pay the price of an almost incredible fertility, namely, that of having a mere handful of his works perpetuated, and the rest consigned (in many instances unjustly) to oblivion.

But it is useless for the critic to shake his head over this "squandering of genius," as it has been termed, and to call to mind the meticulous (dare one say over-meticulous?) Flaubert. No amount of revision and polish would have been any use to such as Balzac and Dumas, consumed by the *dämon* of creation. They wrote their best when they wrote at their fastest. Balzac wrote *La Cousine Bette* in six weeks and Dumas the first four volumes (roughly a quarter) of *Monte-Cristo* in sixteen days. With them speed and inspiration were indivisible.

To try to assess in the brief space of one article the achievement of a man who wrote nearly sixty novels, without counting a host of plays, books of travel, memoirs, *causeries*, poetry, history and even cookery, is virtually impossible. One can only make a general survey. But even this may be useful if, during the course of it, we

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endeavour to throw light on dark corners and to break down traditional barriers of prejudice and caution.

To the average reader and critic Dumas is first, foremost and all the time, a writer of historical romances rather than a novelist. This view is imposed by blind tradition, merely because the historical romances from the outset achieved such popularity as to overshadow the rest of his works out of all proportion to merit or justice. And it is all but forgotten, at least in this country, that Dumas began his literary career as a dramatist and that for more than a decade (1830-43) he was known in France chiefly as a playwright. He was, in fact, one of the very few writers who have achieved success both as dramatist and novelist. It was Walter Scott, that predominant influence on French Romanticism, together with Froissart, Barente and Thierry, who turned him to history. The death of the "Wizard of the North" in 1832 spurred on his ambition to "do for France what Scott had done for Britain." He began, not by writing historical romance, but a serious historical study—*Gaule et France*. In the course of his career Dumas wrote something like a dozen works in this vein. The fact that they were not successful and have been utterly forgotten does not alter the fact that his attitude towards history was always one of respect, even reverence. He never regarded history as a mere picturesque background for bloody intrigues, or as an escape from contemporary realities, as so many third-rate writers of historical romance have since done. This is worth remembering and should be set against his oft-quoted dictum: "It is permissible to violate history provided you have a child by her." And it is worth while recording that *The Three Musketeers*, perhaps the most famous

historical romance ever written, only came into being fortuitously. For it was while making researches for a history of the reign of Louis XIV that he chanced to come across the *Mémoires de d'Artagnan* of Gatien de Courtiz.

It was not, in fact, until 1838, when he was thirty-six, that Dumas produced his first historical romance. This was *Acté*, set in the reign of Nero. It was neither a failure nor a success. Read to-day, it comes apparent that Dumas had not yet found himself. It was not until three years later, with *Le Chevalier d'Harmental* (known in English as *The Conspirators*), that it became apparent that the successor to the author of *Quentin Durward* had been found. The first of Dumas' great historical romances, it still remains one of the best.

The next three—*Sylvandire*, *Ascanio* and *Cécile*—bear too obvious traces of Maquet's hand, and fall short. Then with *The Three Musketeers* and *Monte-Cristo* in 1844, the spate begins. I shall say nothing of the historical romances produced thereafter. Posterity has decreed that they shall be the Dumas who is, for Everyman. That achievement received its full measure of reward in its own time and has never ceased to receive it. Instead, I should prefer to draw attention to an achievement which, while it is quite as great, has been unjustly overlooked by all except the few who are adventurous enough to stray off the well-beaten track and to explore for themselves: I mean the achievement of Dumas the novelist as distinct from Dumas the historical romancer.

That this is an achievement may be gathered from the fact that Dumas wrote over twenty novels of contemporary life, of which some seven or eight are to be counted among his best works—an assertion which will doubtless be hotly disputed, especially

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by those who have never read them. All the same, it is a fact little known, even to Dumas enthusiasts, that Dumas began his career as a writer of fiction in 1836 with two novels of contemporary society—*Pauline* and *Pascal Bruno*. Both must be accounted indifferent. Then, following hard on *Acté* (already mentioned) came *La Chasse au Chastre* and *Le Capitaine Pamphile*, and with them Dumas can be said to have found himself. They are indeed two bottles of the brightest Dumas vintage, sparkling with a humour and a fantasy which Dumas alone brought to French literature.

Between the appearance of *Le Chevalier d'Harmental* in 1842 and *The Three Musketeers* in 1844, no less than seven novels were written. Of these three are historical romances, and are negligible; the others, novels of modern society, are of far greater power and interest. They comprise: *Georges*, a tale of racial antagonism in the Isle de France; *Amaury*, a study of paternal love and jealousy; *Fernande*, the story of a courtesan; and *Gabriel Lambert*, the story of a galley slave Dumas purported to have met at Toulon. The two latter stand out from the others. In some ways, indeed, they are among the most remarkable of all Dumas' novels. Had they appeared among the vast *Comédie Humaine* of Balzac they would not have been out of place.

The fallen woman has always been a theme of attraction for French writers, from Prévost to modern times. *Manon Lescaut*, *Marion de Lorme*, *Bernerette*, *Marguerite Gautier*, *Nana*, are all famous courtesans of fiction. *Fernande* is Dumas' one and only contribution to the gallery. As was to be expected he takes the sentimental Romantic view, selecting the exceptional, educated girl, an officer's daughter who has been seduced by her

guardian, and who only awaits some real deep love to shed all grossness. This Romantic attitude had been adopted by Hugo with *Marion de Lorme*, and was to achieve its apogee later by Dumas' son in *La Dame aux Camélias*. There is nothing here of the realistic brutality of Balzac's *Valérie Marneffe* (in *La Cousine Bette*) or Zola's *Nana*, or the icy, ruthless objectivity of Prévost's *Manon*. Nevertheless it would be wrong to condemn Dumas' novel on that count merely. The exceptional can be as convincing and true as the average; it all depends on how it is done. Within its limits *Fernande* is a first-rate novel, one of the outstanding examples of nineteenth-century Romantic fiction.

Having touched the magical spring of historical romance, Dumas wrote little in a different vein for the seven years following the appearance of *The Three Musketeers* in 1844. But with the Revolution of 1848 and the *coup d'état* of 1851, a change came over the political and literary scene. Romanticism became gradually outmoded, and the Romanticists themselves were exiled, self-exiled, dispersed or finished. Dumas himself, his greatest days over, his magnificent château "Monte-Cristo" stripped and sold to pay his debts, his theatre, the "Historique," bankrupt, fled to Brussels to work in peace. There, free from pestering creditors and would-be collaborators, his thoughts swung backwards to the place of his birth and the days of his youth; and laying aside his colossal autobiography, *Mes Mémoires* (one of his greatest works) he dashed off that trilogy of pastoral novels—*Conscience l'Innocent*, *Catherine Blum* and *Le Meneur de Loups*—three of the most delightful and perfect novels that came from his pen, redolent of country life and with ordinary country folk as the characters.

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Returning to Paris in 1854, he brought out his own journal *Le Mousquetaire*, for which he wrote among other things those charming sketches of the animal life at his former palatial mansion of "Monte-Cristo," under the title of *Histoire de mes Bêtes*, and continued *Mes Mémoires*. He also wrote several historical romances, but none of them came up to the standard of those written in the greatest days.

Then in 1857 came the great Naturalistic novel of Flaubert—*Madame Bovary*. Dumas read it and disliked it, but it influenced him nevertheless. The growing posthumous influence of Balzac, although he had no sympathy with the latter's work, made itself felt too, as also the later work of Georges Sand. He saw clearly that the endless *feuilleton* was finished, the historical romance out of favour and Romanticism itself a spent force. So, just as the spirit of the age had urged him to write *Antony* and the Romantic dramas of the 1830's, and the historical romances of the 1840's, now he returned to the *genre* of his earlier *Fernande* and *Gabriel Lambert*, and produced between 1857 and 1860 seven novels of contemporary life, of which *Black*, *Le Chasseur de Sauvagine*, *Le Fils du Forçat* and *Le Père la Ruine* are outstanding.

These novels are unique among Dumas' output, and reveal an even greater transformation in technique and style than do the later novels of Dickens from his earlier ones. With their concentration on the smaller, domestic issues, their attention to detail, their careful building up of background and deliberate unfolding of the story, above all, in the *milieu* and the ordinary, unromantic nature of the characters, they are almost Naturalistic. *Le Père la Ruine*, indeed, is sheer tragedy, grim and stark in its relentless impetus.

It is one of the injustices of posterity, and the price of an excessive popularity, that these great novels have never received their due share of recognition. If he had not written historical romances and left only the novels to his name, Dumas would still have been one of the outstanding novelists of the nineteenth century. Only a public unconscious of real values, only critics who are content to remain ignorant of hidden worth, could allow publishers to go on printing and reprinting the same handful of romances, leaving these novels unread.

But fiction and drama were only two facets of Dumas' genius. Poetry, history, short story, biography, travel, journalism—he was to attempt them all. Space forbids discussion of each here. It is enough to say that, poetry and history excepted, he left something of enduring worth in each *genre*. He was not a short story writer like Mérimeé, Daudet or Maupassant; but *Un Bal Masqué*, *Le Cocher de Cabriolet* and *Marianna* can hold their own in any representative anthology of the *conte*. *Mes Mémoires*, already mentioned, in spite of its inordinate length, inequalities and *longueurs*, is a remarkable work. And no survey of his achievement would be complete without reference to his books of travel, which contain some of his best writing and were among his most popular works in France. *En Suisse*, describing his travels in Switzerland in 1832, and *De Paris à Cadix*, recounting his trip to Spain in 1847, are particularly fine, as also is the unclassifiable *Les Garibaldiens*—translated by R. S. Garnett (Benn, 1929) as *On Board "The Emma"*—which, vividly narrating Dumas' own part in Garibaldi's Sicilian campaign, and published serially in *La Presse*, gives him the claim of having been the first accredited war correspondent, and remains the

outstanding production from his pen in the last decade of his life.

Even so hurried and cursory a glance over Dumas' gargantuan output must, surely, give an impression of astounding vitality, fecundity and diversity. Not even Scott, or Dickens, created more hugely and intensely. Very superior critics, who see no further than Flaubert, Henry James, Proust and James Joyce, may sneer and

belittle: but the greatest intellects such as Hugo, Lamartine, Heine, Georges Sand and Bernard Shaw have paid their tributes to Dumas. He was a "force of nature," as Michelet apostrophized him in wonderment and admiration, and has reserved for himself a deep and lasting place in the affection of posterity.

A. CRAIG BELL.

FIFTY YEARS AGO

TH E following extract from "American Affairs" in the July, 1902, number of *The National Review* is worth considering. On May 31 the Boer representatives had returned to Pretoria with the mandate of the delegates assembled at Vereeniging to accept the British terms substantially as drafted by Lord Milner; and so the South African War had come to an end.

The news of the termination of the South African War was received with very general satisfaction in the United States. With the exception of noisy agitators . . . Americans as a rule [sic] are delighted that the long and bitter struggle has been brought to an end and that peace, with the exception of some bushwhacking in the Philippines, once more prevails over the entire world.

Public men and newspapers have been amazed by the extreme liberality of the terms granted to the Boers, and not a few compare them with the conditions imposed upon the Confederacy by the victorious North. . . . What especially impresses them is the free grant of £3,000,000, the promise of loans extending over a series of years at a nominal rate of interest, and the pledge of the introduction of representative insti-

tutions leading up to self-government. Americans who remember how the South was reduced to poverty by the war; how its fields were laid waste and its people ruined; who had to struggle along as best they could without help from their brethren of the North; who for years had to live under military rule and corrupt and odious "carpet bag" government, read these terms with feelings of amazement, and wondered if this was the same Britain that was charged with having waged war simply to obtain gold mines and for the wanton pleasure of destroying a Republican form of government. The fact that there is to be no special tax laid upon the Boers to pay the cost of the war is only one more astonishing act of quixotic liberality. . . . In the United States the people of the South are still paying the pensions of the men of Northern armies, but no man who wore the grey of the Southern cause draws a Government pension.

This is surely an arresting comment on British imperialism, and on Anglo-American relations. And it is nostalgic to read of "peace over the entire world" at a time when peace is in danger throughout the world, and when even in South Africa it is once again in doubt.

BOOKS NEW AND OLD

INFINITE VARIETY*

By ERIC GILLETT

PUBLISHERS' blurbs should often be taken, not merely with a pinch, but with a cellar-full of salt. Messrs. Heinemann have not overstated their case when they remark, on the jacket of *Boswell in Holland*, that the author, "like Cleopatra, was a person of infinite variety." The same compliment might be paid to the writers—and subjects—of the three other books considered in this notice.

Last year's issue of *Boswell's London Journal* revealed him to be a diarist as tenacious and perceptive as he showed himself in his famous biography. He proved himself also to be an astute and accurate critic of his own virtues and failings. After his fascinating experiment in metropolitan living, so faithfully, so lovingly recorded, he set off to Holland. The *London Journal* ends with the entry for August 4, 1763. Boswell continued to keep a diary throughout his stay in the Netherlands, but it was lost in his own lifetime. A young army officer agreed to carry it to London on its way to the author's father in remote Auchinleck, but when the papers arrived there, the journal was missing, and it has not turned up since. It cannot be said for certain that it is irrecoverably lost. The story of recently found *Boswelliana* is too extraordinary for that to be affirmed with complete confidence, but in the meantime the "young army officer" must be written down as a first-class nuisance, worthy to be placed in the notorious company that includes the "person from Porlock," and a number of cooks and other domestic servants

who cheerfully threw works by their masters and other important men of letters into the heart of the kitchen grate.

Fortunately, Boswell was such an inveterate writer that he not only kept a daily journal. He also addressed an admonitory memorandum to himself every morning before he dressed. In addition he reviewed the events of the preceding day, and with indefatigable energy he scribbled down a page or two in French, and sometimes additional pages in Dutch. Finally he set himself the task of writing daily ten lines of heroic verse, kept a register of letters sent and received, a general expense account, and a special account of sums won and lost at cards. It goes almost without saying that he preserved all the correspondence he received and sometimes made copies of the letters he sent. *Boswell in Holland*, 1763–1764, is a compilation made by fitting together these miscellaneous papers in chronological sequence. Once again Professor Frederick Pottle has done masterly editorial work, and he has also printed the entire correspondence between Boswell and a truly remarkable woman, Belle de Zuylen, known already to many English readers through Geoffrey Scott's admirable study, *Portrait of Zélide*. In the present volume this

* *Boswell in Holland*, 1763–1764. Heinemann. 25s.

Harpoon at a Venture. By Gavin Maxwell. Hart-Davis. 21s.

Duveen. By S. N. Behrman. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

To Teach the Senators Wisdom. By J. C. Masterman. Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.

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GAVIN MAXWELL RELOADING THE GUN.

correspondence has been given a special Introduction and it deserves one. Zélide was a clear-sighted young woman. She had a genuine affection for Boswell. At one time she may have felt a stronger emotion for him. In her letters she could chastise him with scorpions if she thought he deserved it. She could write—and sting. Boswell seems to have been determined to wring from her an admission that she had been in love with him. In her reply she wrote, "I was shocked and saddened to find, in a friend whom I had conceived of as a young and sensible man, the puerile vanity of a fatuous fool, coupled with the arrogant rigidity of an old Cato." The Zélide letters are certainly not the least interesting thing in the book, but as in the previous volume, it is Boswell's presentation of himself that takes the eye. Compliment, admonition, backsliding, all of

them are here. "You did charmingly yesterday." "Very bad. You got up dreary as a dromedary." "You was a little irregular yesterday, but it was but for one day to see the Utrecht concert." For ten months in Holland Boswell forced himself to be modest, studious, frugal and chaste. But he almost went out of his mind. The one thing he could never abide was frustration. Lord Auchinleck consistently advocated these virtues to his son, who wrote them all down and really did what he could to practise them. So much has been said and written about Johnson's lionlike rebuffs to his protégé that it is usually forgotten that the great man showed him an almost unvarying understanding and tenderness. I find it interesting to discover that while Pepys, who was a most able man, loses stature in his diary, Boswell gains appreciably in his. The reader who knows Boswell only from his hitherto published writings and from the usually uncharitable comments of others cannot fail to be impressed by the fuller and more human personality that is emerging from the further instalments of Boswelliana now in course of publication. *Boswell in Holland* is not as pre-eminently readable as the *London Journal* but it draws attention to other facets of his character and takes a worthy place in a fascinating series.

Major Gavin Maxwell is another Scot with an original mind and interests that took him back as inevitably to the Western islands as Boswell's ambitions drew him to the South. *Harpoon at a Venture* is an astonishing book. Exotic creatures, such as basking sharks and thresher whales, are not often considered to be denizens of our home waters. The basking shark is the second biggest fish in the world. It can reach a length of thirty feet. It is not a rapacious fish but it can do infernal damage to herring nets, and that is how

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Major Maxwell first realized that many of these creatures infest the waters round Skye and caused him to set up a shark fishery on Soay, a small neighbouring island. In many ways this is a tragic history because Major Maxwell and his companions came so near to establishing a successful industry. To begin a new business in post-war Britain is difficult. The least satisfactory part of the book deals with the commercial side of it, but it was essential that Major Maxwell should write down as fully as possible the weaker points of his enterprise, so that anyone with sufficient capital and courage may follow where he pioneered. Where the book succeeds triumphantly is in its vivid presentation of the hazards of the fishing and of the habits of the basking sharks, and of the conditions under which he and his companions worked:

We lashed the three carcases alongside and steamed all night for Soay. The light went gradually; at first the hills were sharp and black against an apple-green sky, then they blurred slowly as it darkened to a dull remote blue pricked by the hesitant light of the western constellations, and for a bare two hours it was night. It became hard and brilliant with intensely burning stars, and in the north Aurora began to flicker, as bright as winter. The great carcases lashed alongside plunged and rolled with the ship's movement, churning the water into a hissing foam above them that began to break into silver phosphorescence; all the dark brilliance that the night and the sea can bring. By two in the morning the eastern sky ahead had begun to pale, grey and translucent at first, becoming infused with a cold bitter red that silhouetted the mountains of the mainland and climbed the long steeps of the dawn with tenuous vermillion plumes. By the time we came into Soay harbour the sun was up over the hills, blinding and tremendous, but without warmth.



LORD DUVEEN.

(Picture Post Library.)

It is pleasant to think that these and similar memories are the things that Major Maxwell has in his mind now that he is, perhaps temporarily, divorced from his harpoons. *Harpoon at a Venture* is a notable book on an unfamiliar theme. Somehow I do not see Major Maxwell as a shark-oil tycoon, but as a result of his experiences on and near Soay he has found his true vocation. He is a writer of real ability and he may find out in time, if he has not done so already, that the pen is mightier than the harpoon.

Lord Duveen was also a fisherman, but he angled for artistic masterpieces and, with even greater care, for the right kind of millionaires to sell them to. Mr. S. N. Behrman's *Duveen* appeared originally in the *New Yorker*. The author is well known as a dramatist, and he presents Joseph Duveen with a kind of wry humour that would go down well in a modern stage comedy with a strongly farcical twist. This biography is, in fact, a tapestry of anecdote. The stupendous creatures who appear in it

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move as self-consciously as do tropical fish in a plutocrat's tank of rare and strange exhibits. Frick, Mellon, Huntington are among the most prominent exhibits and their relations with Duveen provide the richest vein of stories in the book. Duveen's policy was to make a commodity valuable by buying several specimens at a price far in excess of the current market value, and then sell them to his clients for still greater sums. There was, for instance, the case of the Houdon busts. At one time you could buy one for twenty-five thousand dollars. Duveen felt this to be a stodgy and humiliating figure, so he set about correcting this scandalous state of affairs by paying seventy-five thousand dollars for one at a public auction. "He then returned to his Fifth Avenue gallery and looked at his other Houdon busts more respectfully and with a righteous feeling of having vindicated their honour." After this gesture it soon became impossible to obtain a Houdon for less than a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In a steeply rising market Duveen clung on to his Houdons. It seems that he found their society restful, and they remained with him until he secured patrons who simply had to have them. Afterwards he applied the same interesting technique to Rembrandts. He owned a lot of them, and by buying still more at high prices he raised the value of those examples he had bought when the cost was moderate. Perhaps the most rewarding section of the book deals with the relations between Duveen and his mentor, the famous authority, Bernard Berenson, who earned the dealer's contempt (though he retained him as his adviser for many years) because Berenson knew so much more about art than anyone else and did so little to feather his own nest. It might have surprised Duveen to know that Berenson hated the money that he

received from Duveen, although he was glad enough to have it, and Harvard will benefit greatly from the great benefaction that Berenson has made to the university.

Duveen is one of the liveliest and most unconventional biographies of recent years, almost as unconventional as Mr. J. C. Masterman's *To Teach the Senators Wisdom or an Oxford Guide-Book*. There are few Oxford men who have touched the infinite variety of Oxford life at as many points as the Provost of Worcester has. Historian, novelist, dramatist, don and athlete—to mention only a few of Mr. Masterman's activities—he has hit upon a most ingenious idea for an expository book. Numerous visitors to the city ask a policeman to direct them to the university. This simple question leads to complicated explanations. One of Mr. Masterman's characters asks himself a question that only a don, an unusually articulate don, could answer. "Why," he demands, "should not those who cannot come here, or only come for a brief time, why should not they be told something of the secret of the place—something of its atmosphere and its beauty and its life? Why shouldn't they have their eyes opened to some of the things we've known here, and enjoyed?"

The information is most charmingly conveyed. The book reads so easily that one can be certain that it must have involved infinite research and labour for the author, though I suspect that he must have enjoyed almost every minute of it. The result is made up of the very best kind of table talk. The members of the Senior Common Room of "St. Thomas's" live well and intelligently. They represent widely different points of view, and they do not falter in search for words to express them. Mr. Masterman has over forty years of Oxford life to draw on,

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and he has reached the conclusion that almost every Oxford, and Cambridge, man must have arrived at, "Each of us sees it as it was when he was young, each of us thinks that his own age was by far the best, each of us thinks that his successors ought to enjoy the things which he enjoyed and to admire what he admired. . . . The great age for us was the age of our youth, but it seems to me that every October, when

the freshmen arrive, the great age dawns for them and the golden years begin."

To Teach the Senators Wisdom will not direct visitors who ask where the university buildings are, but it will tell them what the university is, and it will make them understand why so many look back with pride and gratitude to the kindest and most understanding of foster-parents.

ERIC GILLETT.

AN URBANE RECORD*

By THE RIGHT HON. L. S. AMERY, C.H.

NO man in the public life of our time, save only Mr. Churchill himself, has had a longer or more distinguished career than Lord Simon. An ex-President of the Oxford Union, a Fellow of All Souls, with a meteoric career as a young barrister, he was already a marked figure when the great Liberal landslide carried him into Parliament in 1906. Early promotion was inevitable for one so gifted. Before the end of 1910 he was already in office as Solicitor General, soon to become Attorney General. In 1915, at the age of forty-two, he refused the Lord Chancellorship and became Home Secretary in Asquith's War Coalition Government. After a gap of fifteen years he became Foreign Secretary in Ramsay Macdonald's Coalition of 1931; Home Secretary once more under Baldwin; Chancellor of the Exchequer under Neville Chamberlain; Lord Chancellor under Churchill; since 1945 elder statesman. What is more, all these high and responsible tasks were carried out by him through the most dramatic and momentous years in our history, years of immense change in the political

and social structure of this country and of the British Commonwealth and Empire, as well as in its place in the world. Such a life is worth telling by its principal actor, not only for its personal story, but for the light which it can cast upon the inner movement of history itself. To have served both purposes would, indeed, have demanded several volumes, and the attempt to tell the whole story in a bare 300 pages has inevitably meant that the general historical background is only sketchily treated. It would be interesting if Lord Simon could follow up the present work by an impersonal survey of the forces that have moulded our ideas and our history over the last century.

Lord Simon is, in the conventional sense, a self-made man. That is to say that he has owed his career neither to family influence nor to inherited wealth, but solely to his own abilities. But, in a wider sense, he has owed everything to his inherited background and to his upbringing. He is a "son of the manse," and not the least interesting and attractive part of his

* *Retrospect.* By Viscount Simon. Hutchinsons, 25s. net.

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memoirs is the description he gives in his opening chapter of his grandparents and their life on a Pembrokeshire farm, of all he owed to his high-minded but vigorously human father and to the gifted and gracious lady, his mother, so admirably portrayed in Sir Gerald Kelly's speaking likeness. Fettes, the Wadham of C. B. Fry, F. E. Smith and Francis Hirst, the Oxford Union and, last but not least, All Souls, completed the moulding process from which he emerged into public life. He tells the story of how he and I were moodily awaiting the outcome of the All Souls fellowship examination when the hasty arrival of a junior fellow of the college at our lodgings told us that *one* of us had won the coveted prize, and of the anxious moment of mutual congratulation—or condolence—dissipated by the news that we had *both* won it, he in Law and I in History. What he, and I in no less measure, have owed to our second home at All Souls ever since, he has most happily described.

Wisely, I think, he has skated lightly over his amazing rise to fame at the Bar. A legal career, however brilliant, is essentially concerned with a series of disconnected episodes, few of them of any great interest except to other lawyers. He mentions how, in his early months in the Temple, he eked out his fellowship by taking pupils and recounts the remarkable feat of coaching by which he enabled me to scrape through the whole of the Bar examinations on three weeks cramming. There was a fellow pupil called Goddard, whom I was not to meet again till I found myself next to the Lord Chief Justice at an Inner Temple dinner not so many years ago. What Lord Simon does not tell is that the piece of legal work which more, perhaps, than any other made his name in those early days, namely

his work for the Alaska Boundary Commission, came to him because he had stayed on in chambers hoping for some stray brief to come his way when everyone else had gone off on vacation—ability backed by perseverance.

The chapters, on the other hand, which deal with the Parliamentary situation between 1906 and the First World War deal far too perfunctorily, to my mind, with what were years of profound issues and of passionate controversy. They were years that witnessed the defeat of the great crusade for national and Imperial economic reconstruction launched by Joseph Chamberlain. They were the years in which Lloyd George's budget gave a new life to the spent forces of Liberalism by inaugurating distributive socialism and the welfare state. Years in which the exigencies of political warfare drove the Liberal Party, not only to great changes in our Constitution, but to the recognition of a one-sided Irish nationalism destined to break up the United Kingdom. All this is barely touched upon as incidental to the orderly development of Liberal policy. He gives us an excellent description of that brilliantly insolent maiden speech by F. E. Smith (Lord Birkenhead) which first raised the spirits of the broken remnant of the Tory Party after the 1906 election. He gives us a modest account of his own Parliamentary success, due, as I so well remember from across the floor of the House, not so much to eloquence on great occasions, as to unrivalled lucidity of exposition in Committee. But of the broad issues he has little to tell us.

So far no element of doubt, no conflict of conscience, had entered the mind of one brought up on the pure milk of Gladstonian Liberalism. There might be adjustments on the surface of

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policies: but free trade, freedom from conscription and freedom from entanglement in European war were of the very essence of the Liberal faith. That John Simon should have been profoundly disturbed by the thought of our going to war in 1914 was inevitable. It was only Sir Edward Grey's personal effort at persuasion over the breakfast table on the fateful day of decision which kept him from resigning office. A more difficult decision was not long in coming. By May, 1916, circumstances made conscription inevitable. Simon's clear brain could not accept the quibble by which Asquith pretended that he was not accepting the principle of compulsion, but only fulfilling a pledge given to the married men who volunteered that they would not be called up if the unmarried failed to come forward. But it was, above all, Simon's deep-rooted Liberal instinct which was too much for him, and he resigned. His resignation did him credit. But it is difficult to see why he now thinks that it was a mistake from the point of view of his career. His whole outlook as well as his strong personal loyalty would, in any case, have made him go out with Asquith when the latter was displaced by Lloyd George at the end of the year. In that event he would have remained ineligible for the "coupon" letter from Lloyd George and Bonar Law at the 1918 General Election and would no doubt have failed to save his seat.

His decision did, indeed, affect his whole career in a very different sense. Joining the staff of the Air Force he found himself, for the first time, in a wholly new atmosphere and beginning to look on life from a new and wider angle. It was already a changed Simon who returned to the House of Commons in 1922. The change was accentuated by the revelation of the threat to the Constitution involved in

direct industrial coercion. His famous speech on the revolutionary implication of the General Strike in 1926 was not only one of his greatest Parliamentary efforts, but a milestone and watershed in his personal development. The process was completed by the years given to the Indian Royal Commission. The greatness of that piece of work remains, even if its prudent recommendations were overtaken, inevitably perhaps, by political exigencies. But the contact with a world of conditions and ideas so utterly remote from the assumptions of English Liberalism must also have had its effect upon his perspective. The internal feuds of the Liberal Party only brought into the open a change which had long been maturing. There was nothing unnatural or inconsistent in Simon's decision to join the MacDonald-Baldwin Coalition at the head of a Liberal National Party which frankly accepted permanent association with progressive Conservatism and no longer made a shibboleth of free imports.

On his work as Foreign Secretary he would have been more interesting if he had not been so discreet. He makes a convincing defence against the oft-repeated accusation that, but for him, America would have given effective support to the League of Nations against Japanese aggression in Manchuria. But his cool realism in handling that issue made him unpopular with all the irresponsible League enthusiasts. In any case his control of policy was fatally weakened by the Cabinet's appointing a separate Minister, Anthony Eden, to deal with affairs at Geneva. Stresa, of which he could well have told us more, might have saved Europe from war if it had not been promptly wrecked by our fatuous and at the same time feeble intervention over Abyssinia, which

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drove Mussolini into Hitler's camp. For this, not Simon, but his successor Sir Samuel Hoare, was primarily responsible. Simon makes no direct criticism. But he drily describes Hoare's speech, which created the impression that we were determined to use the League to stop Italian aggression, as "a fine performance, which warmed the heart of every opponent of aggression. But it did not stop Mussolini." Again, when by a belated effort at realism, Hoare tried to save the situation, and was let down by Baldwin, he comments on Hoare's resignation speech: "It was an admirable performance, dignified and moving. But its realism was difficult to reconcile with his previous declaration at Geneva." That fiasco was the death, not only of the League of Nations, but also of Locarno. A disillusioned public was in no mood to do anything when Hitler first violated Locarno by occupying the Rhineland and then destroyed Austria.

Munich followed in inevitable and clearly foreseeable sequence. How, with those examples and with all else that was known of Hitler's mind and methods, Neville Chamberlain could have believed that the partition of Czechoslovakia by the surrender of the Sudetenland to blustering violence could mean a permanent settlement and save the peace of Europe, passes understanding. Simon makes no attempt to explain. Nor does his assertion that "no man could have stopped" Hitler's aggression carry weight in face of what we now know of the sheer bluff behind it. If the Czechs had only decided to fight, as the Poles did with far heavier odds against them a year later, the French and we would have been bound to join in and the German generals would have liquidated Hitler. As it was, their restraining influence was gone from

that moment. Munich convinced Hitler that he could get away with his attack on Poland. The sense of humiliation which it involved for us made it certain that we should then fight even if it was for a weaker case and under far worse military conditions. Munich might have been a bloodless victory and, in that atmosphere, the Sudeten question might have been reasonably adjusted. As it was, it made war inevitable. Lord Simon has loyally done his best to vindicate his old chief. But the task has transcended even his abilities. His loyalty to old leaders and colleagues is indeed not the least pleasing feature of my old friend's kindly and urbane reminiscences.

L. S. AMERY.

CONFIDANTE

DEAREST ISA. Robert Browning's letters to Isabella Blagden. Edited by Edward C. MacAlear. Nelson. 25s.

BRowning as a letter-writer is copious, we know, but not commanding. His greatness is in the poetry, not in these communications which run on amiably—with momentary disturbances—and air the topics of a comfortable society. Seen in numbers, Browning's letters make easy reading, but mostly it does not matter much where the reader begins and ends. The collection addressed to Isa Blagden, over a hundred and fifty letters from about 1850 to 1872, is not new to print, but is now edited with great care and all the added information that the allusions need, or nearly all. Professor McAleer has given us a book for the pleasant Sunday afternoon, though here and there the writer's anecdotes do not quite suggest the Victorian Sunday.

There was one Sunday when, long after Isa Blagden's death, Browning sat with Edmund Gosse in the Fellow's Garden of Trinity College, Cambridge. Gosse was struck by one curious aspect of the poet whose observation had been so famously

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estimated by Landor. "In the blaze of summer, with all the life of birds and insects moving around us, he did not borrow an image from or direct an allusion to any natural fact about us." On the whole that impression is made by these letters. They are chiefly gossip about the world so far as Browning is interested in its miscellaneous celebrities and actual or reported behaviour. As Gosse also noted, Browning could be abruptly enraged when some acquaintance in his opinion behaved badly in a matter concerning his Ba, or his other special possessions. The letters would yield the collector of sarcasms and vituperations a crop of maledictory moments.

In literary questions Browning, writing to his trusted Isa, is sharp enough ; things are seldom up to the mark. Old days were better. Miss Mitford, for example, was a good "sketcher," but Miss Thackeray in spite of "the praises . . . buzzing round me" is not. "I cannot conceive of anybody, acknowledged intelligent, writing worse." Even Tennyson (in the same letter) is in trouble. "I go with you a good way in the feeling about Tennyson's new book : it is all out of my head already. We look at the object of art in poetry so differently ! " Then, "Morris is sweet, pictorial, clever always—but a weariness to me by this time." Probably, by this time, Browning is stirred rather by the personal histories of writers than by their productions. He goes into the dispute about Byron and Augusta Leigh with sudden enthusiasm—he knows the secret, he could tell Isa such things . . . Shelley too is no longer his angelic poet, but a bad man ; unfortunately the letter chiefly exposing Shelley is mutilated.

Something of a deeper feeling is near as the letters follow the early career of Pen Browning, in whose prospects at Oxford the father delighted. Had Pen gone to Balliol, probably the first effects would have been more wonderful ; but Christ Church was something nevertheless. Pen was to be a man of the time anyway. "Pen has got what he wanted—shooting and deer-stalking ; he began operations the day before yesterday and, much to his

credit as a hunter, shot a splendid stag—'royal' : the head of which will glorify his rooms at Christ Church." That was in August, 1869. But in September Browning writes of his "worry"—and the editor notes that the worry was Pen at Oxford. The poet will not disclose the details in his letters, and this avoidance points to the limitations of his most intimate correspondence. It is true that later on he gives glimpses of the real Pen. "To a certain degree, I am relieved about Pen by knowing the very worst of the poor boy, to-wit that he won't work, or perhaps can't. I shall go on, now, as long as I am able, and do the best for us both, taking the chances of this world."

In his introduction Professor McAleer gathers what is known about Miss Blagden, the friend of Mrs. Browning too ; her "Florentine villa was Browning's second home." She was the hostess of many besides Browning, and if she ever fell in love with any of her poets Professor McAleer thinks that it was with Robert Lytton ("Owen Meredith") rather than her immortal. Her own life is after all only drawn in fragmentary touches, but it must have been a brave one, and her hospitality depended principally on self-denial and the proceeds of her novels and occasional prose and verse. Where so much annotation is given, it is a pity that the editor does not include one or two of Isabella Blagden's poems, the publication of which by Alfred Austin infuriated Browning, to whom Austin was "vermin."

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

LOVABLE LAWYER

THE LAST SERJEANT: THE MEMOIRS OF SERJEANT A. M. SULLIVAN, Q.C.
Macdonald. 21s.

"THE Englishman likes his law *dull*," said Mr. Justice Swift to Serjeant Sullivan when (or shortly after) he took up practice at the English bar. The implied warning is one which the Serjeant and his compatriots have been very ready to disregard—witness the careers and characters of Carson and Theo Mathew, of Martin

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O'Connor and Maurice Healy. There is nothing dull about the career or character of Serjeant Sullivan, and his reminiscences are very different from the common legal autobiographies in which retired silks catalogue, with varying degrees of accuracy but unvarying egotism, the sensational cases they have won and the sensational fees that they have earned. This book will certainly explain to the general reader why "the Serjeant" was regarded with admiration and affection by the wide circle of professional colleagues with whom he came into contact during his thirty years of practice in England. The characteristics which won him his place among his English brethren—independence, humour, courage and charm—are all in evidence, and it is plain that, innate though these qualities may have been, the surroundings in which he spent his childhood and his early professional life did everything to foster and develop them. The best part (in both senses) of this book consists of descriptions (reminiscent of Maurice Healy's account of *The Old Munster Circuit*) of the old Irish County Courts and the characters, lay and professional, who did business in them—"did business", for in that society for litigation itself (and, one may add, the giving of evidence) amounted, even for non-lawyers, to a profession. A young practitioner could have had no better school of resource and pertinacity than the Irish sessions and no better school of life than the King's Inns: "Whatever might have been his ultimate occupation in the country, an Irish youth would have acquired at the Inns and in a round of sessions a practical lesson in the affairs of life that could not fail to be useful to every man. The Irish Bar was the only real university in Ireland where mind reacted on mind in an association that embraced every class of society, in companionship that knew no distinction save that between worth and worthlessness." It is to his early days at the Irish Bar that the Serjeant tells us that he looks back "with the greatest sense of wistfulness and dear remembrance" and "in thankfulness for the

friends it brought, for the experience that it gave, and, above all, for its revelation of life, in comedy, in tragedy, always in sincerity portrayed by the kind true people of the old country that can never be forgotten."

The Serjeant's description of the conditions in which advocacy was practised in the Irish Courts within the last half-century would be incredible if not illustrated by actual (and presumably veracious) anecdotes, one or two of which may be quoted as conveying, better than any attempt at description, the quality of the book. For instance, the Serjeant tells, as an example of the informality of procedure in the County Criminal Courts, the story of Mr. Justice Boyd, who "thought he could wheedle a verdict of 'guilty' out of a Limerick county jury by assuring them of his merciful qualities. 'You are bound, of course,' said he, 'to convict the prisoner, but no one need think that would expose him to a severe sentence.' The defending counsel, who was seated in close proximity to the jury-box, wrote three words in the fold of his brief. The front row of jurors inspected them, then turned and said to the back row, 'About ten years.' The prisoner was acquitted." Practice under such conditions must have engendered a healthy contempt for unwelcome technicalities—a contempt of which the following is a rather striking example: "At a public execution in Tipperary more than a hundred years ago something had delayed the ceremony, and as the three victims appeared beneath the gallows the sunset gun was heard from the neighbouring military camp. 'The gun has gone,' cried an old woman in the crowd, 'and you cannot hang the boys.' The executioner seemed to be of the same opinion, but the sheriff observed, 'Go ahead and let them bring their action.'"

Again, the frequency of the semi-professional witness lent to the word *alibi* a significance which is not to be found in Stroud's *Judicial Dictionary*, as appears from the story of a comparatively youthful party who replied, when asked by the judge how he contrived to draw



For the Nation's Good

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the old-age pension which he admitted receiving but for which he so obviously failed to qualify: "Well, me Lord, I just got an ould Aliboy from the mountains to go in and get it for me." One can understand how it was that as a bencher of the Middle Temple the Serjeant "could not help missing the rough-and-tumble and the camaraderie of (his) native element."

It was from a world of practice such as that—with a background, of which also this book paints a vivid picture, provided by the Land League and the "Plan of Campaign"—that Serjeant Sullivan was transplanted in 1919 to become a leader of the English bar, where he had already made his mark by his courageous defence of Casement. For such practice he had, he tells us modestly, but with a touch of native arrogance, "two overwhelming disqualifications"—his insistence on conducting cases in his own way and his "hostility to pettyfogging." "Pettyfogging" is his name for the system of pleading and the multiplicity of interlocutory proceedings prevailing in the English courts, which he regards simply as machinery for the manufacture of costs, and he is outspoken—and some of his colleagues may think excessively severe—in his criticism of it. He is remarkably outspoken, too, in what he says of Lord Hewart as Lord Chief Justice. They had crossed swords when the Serjeant displayed his courage and his independence on behalf of a client whom he himself describes as a "brute," and it is pleasing to read that their differences (in which the advocate had the support both of the Bar and of the Court of Appeal) did not destroy the cordiality of their personal relations. That is only what is to be expected where the author of this book is concerned, for he has always had, as his reminiscences make very clear, all the best qualities of a fighter and of a friend.

JOHN SPARROW.

PSEUDO-SCIENCE

LANGUAGE IN THOUGHT AND ACTION. By S. I. Hayakawa. *Allen and Unwin*. 18s.

THE historian of the future, looking back at the catastrophes of this century, may well see as a major contributory cause to the débâcle the deference paid to the pseudo-sciences, especially economics and psychology. If all economists and psychiatrists were rounded up and transported to some convenient St. Helena, we might yet save something of civilization. And to them might be added, for the sake of any who care about literature, the growing band of writers on semantics.

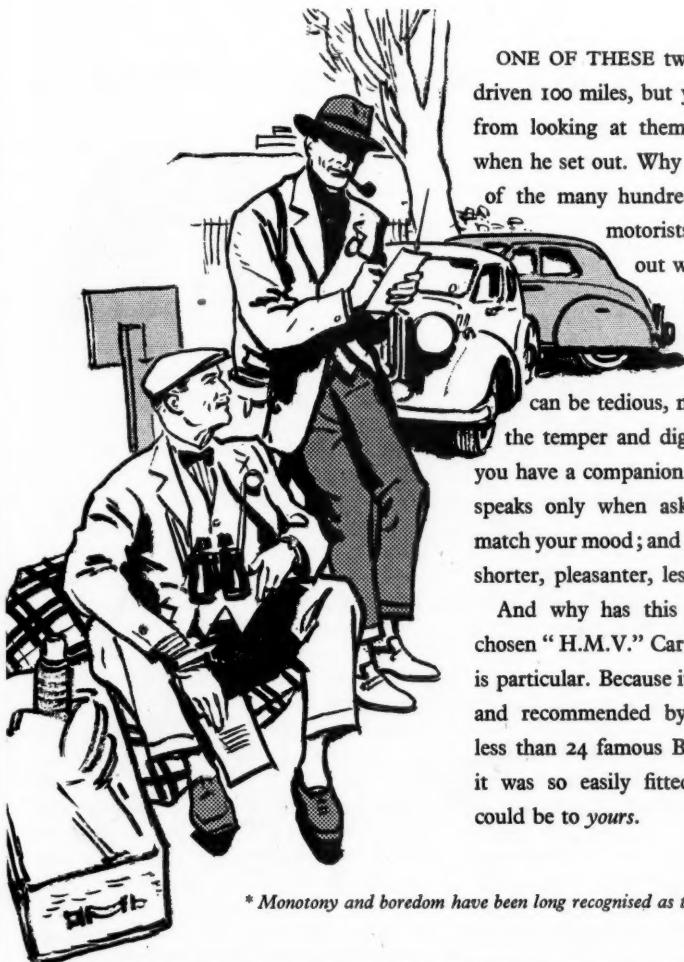
Do you think I exaggerate? Supposing you are tempted one evening to take down your Keats and read, merely for delight, the *Ode to a Nightingale*, let me remind you that, as Mr. Hayakawa says: "Studying books too often has the effect of producing excessive intensional orientation; this is especially true in literary study, for example, when the study of words—novels, plays, poems, essays—becomes an end in itself. When the study of literature is undertaken, however, not as an end in itself, but as a guide to life, its effect is extensional in the best sense."

I am not quite sure what "extensional in the best sense" means, but I suppose it suggests close conformation to acting in accordance with the rule Mr. Hayakawa asks the reader to "memorize *at least*": "COW₁ IS NOT COW₂, COW₂ IS NOT COW₃, . . ." (his capitals) with the comment: "This is the simplest and most general of the rules for extensional orientation. The word 'cow' gives us the intensional meanings, informative and affective; it calls up in our minds the features that this 'cow' has *in common* with other 'cows.' The index number, however, reminds us that this one is *different*, . . . it reminds us of the *characteristics left out* in the process of abstracting; it prevents us equating the word with the thing, that is, from confusing the abstraction 'cow' with the extensional cow."

Substitute "nightingale" for "cow"

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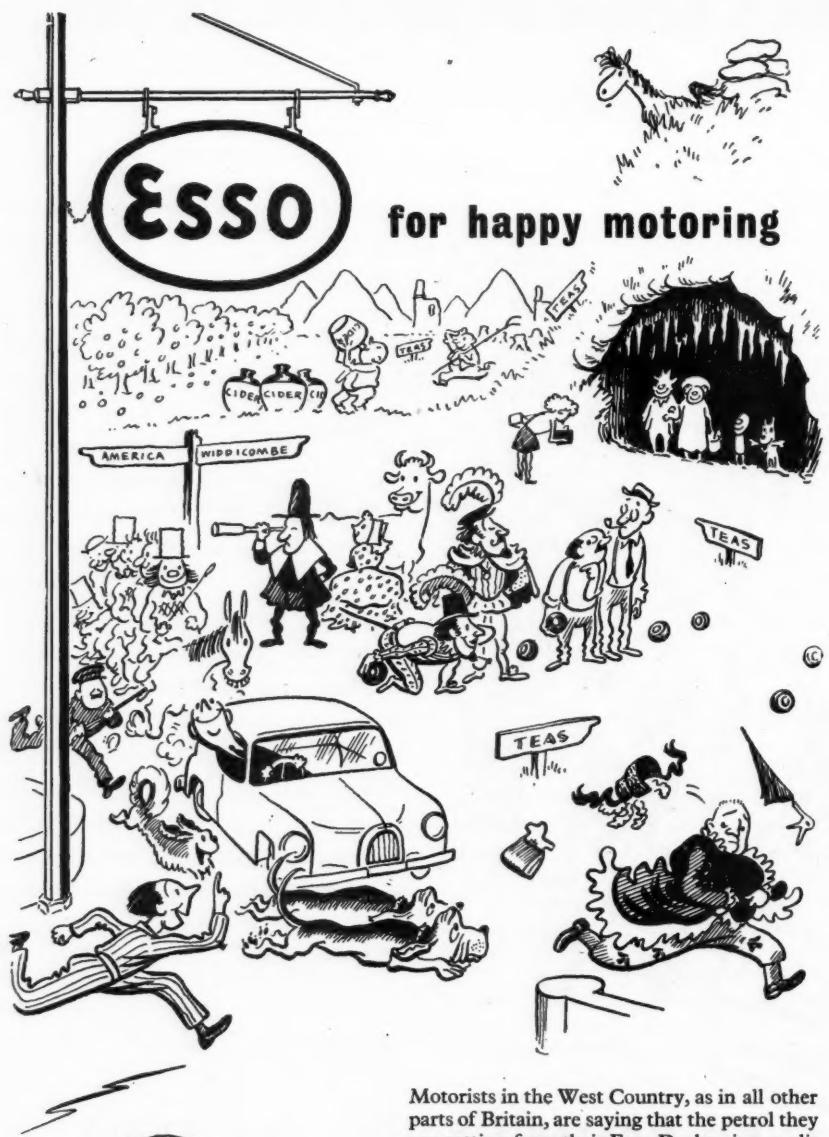
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STATELY HOME

and you will be equipped for your reading of Keats. If as a preface to your enjoyment, you want to make quite sure you understand what extensional is, you might try the little experiment Mr. Hayakawa recommends earlier in the book: "The extensional meaning is something that cannot be expressed in words, because it is that which words stand for. An easy way to remember this is to put your hand over your mouth and point whenever you are asked to give an extensional meaning."

Not all the book is quite as funny as this, because Mr. Hayakawa is not a particularly good stylist and the jokes tend to become a little tedious, but his autobiographical note is endearing: "During the last eight years I have, in addition to my usual tasks of writing and teaching and lecturing, spent a period of study and observation at the Menninger Clinic and Foundation at Topeka, Kansas; I have been an art student at the Institute of Design, under the direction of that excellent artist and inspiring teacher, the late Laszlo Moholy-Nagy; I was for four years a columnist of the Chicago *Defender*, a Negro weekly, and during those same years was a regular book-reviewer for *Book Week*, the literary supplement of the Chicago *Sun*; I did some first-hand research in folk music and jazz; I served on the board of directors of a co-operative wholesale and was president of a small chain of co-operative grocery stores; I have had the privilege of association with art connoisseurs and collectors, and the equal privilege of association with self-taught folk musicians of the Negro community; last, and probably not least, I have become the father of two boys. All these experiences have helped to fill out my exposition of semantic theory."

Mr. Hayakawa is, indeed, in the very front rank of American writers on semantics. His original *Language in Action* (of which this book is an expansion) sold over 300,000 copies and in this work he has had the help and advice of Professor Basil H. Pillard, "who for many years has been applying semantics to the teaching of English and to student counseling (*sic*) at Antioch College, Yellow Springs, Ohio."

HUGH ROSS WILLIAMSON.

STATELY HOME

BLEHEIM PALACE. By David Green. *Country Life*. Illustrated. Six guineas.

AGAINST our own domestic background A David Green's book is a feast for paupers. It has taken four painstaking years to write. His research has covered a wide field, from the Blenheim Papers (a record sometimes kept carelessly, sometimes with meticulous attention to detail according to the fashion of the period) to the British Museum and the Bodleian Libraries. In one instance he made an interesting new discovery in an old frame of seedsman's samples at Blenheim. He held tireless conversations and correspondence with experts on clocks, sculpture, sundials, heraldry, landscape gardening and local building records of the time.

Mr. Green's account of each aspect of the work, the vast amount of stone and marble ornamentation by Grinling Gibbons, the "stupendous" undertaking of the gardens under the direction of Henry Wise, and the organization of the army of workmen make fascinating reading. In one season alone (in 1708) bulbs arrived at the rate of 1,800 Persian Irises, 5,100 Hyacinths, 18,000 Dutch yellow crocuses (at 1s. 6d. a hundred) and 4,600 tulips. Another order for nearly 20,000 trees is listed in detail.

Blenheim Palace was built by Vanbrugh over seven acres on the site of New Woodstock, a royal manor house covering about one acre, which had been used by the Kings and Queens of England as a Hunting Lodge for over five hundred years. Woodstock was made over to the Marlboroughs by Queen Anne who announced to the House of Commons on February 17, 1705, that she would consider "proper means for perpetuating the memory of the great services performed by the Duke of Marlborough." Monies were voted by a grateful Commons for the building of a suitable Palace at Woodstock under the direction of Mr. (later Sir) John Vanbrugh.

Mr. Green's history of the building is fascinating from two points of view. First the grandeur of the composition;

THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

the vastness of the undertaking as a building enterprise, and the fabulous nature of the detail are such that one's wonder grows not that Blenheim took seventeen years to build but that it was ever finished at all. Secondly, we are charmed and amused by the many curious parallels one finds between building (on however vast a scale) in the 18th century, and building (on however small a scale) in 1952. The wrangles, disagreements and delays familiar to everyone who builds are all here.

Blenheim Palace is much more than a valuable addition to our understanding of a great historic house. On nearly every page the non-technical reader, who is interested in the social background of the period, will find new and fascinating detail. In one of the long and acrimonious exchanges between Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, and Vanbrugh, the

surveyor, the question of the pulling down the ruins of the old Woodstock Manor was discussed. Sarah wanted the ruins pulled down, Vanbrugh wanted the ruins to remain. The ruins were pulled down. But Vanbrugh the surveyor was also Vanbrugh the dramatist. His pantomime, *Pulling Down the Manor*, had a long and boisterous run: another indication that the building of a national monument to a great hero had developed into a national drama.

The 112 illustrations and the typography of *Blenheim Palace* have the excellence one would expect in a *Country Life* publication. The illustrations include photographs of the interior and grounds, early prints, plans, engravings and diagrams and many reproductions of family portraits and the portraits of those engaged on the building and decoration.

ELIZABETH MCALLISTER.



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Novels

NOUGHTS AND CROSSES. Jacobine Hichens. *Putnam.* 12s. 6d.
YOUNG MAN ON A DOLPHIN. Anthony Thorne. *Heinemann.* 12s. 6d.
THIS IS THE HOUR. Lion Feuchtwanger. *Hutchinson.* 15s.
FRESHMAN'S FOLLY. Dacre Balsdon. *Eyre and Spottiswoode.* 10s. 6d.
HE WAS FOUND IN THE ROAD. Anthony Armstrong. *Methuen.* 12s. 6d.
A SHOT OF MURDER. Jack Iams. *Golancz.* 9s. 6d.

JACOBINE HICHENS provides a study of character lightly and pleasantly told in terms of a young widow's reactions to a serious theme—her preparedness to marry a Catholic. It may be that it needs an Anglican to read dispassionately the account of her talks with Catholic instructors, but the book is a novel, not a tract. The characters are excellently drawn—Elizabeth, the widow who seems so likely to compromise but will not do so on a vital issue; her mother and sisters; Michael, her Guardsman fiancé; the faithful, hopeful Henry. There is much humour too, as well as satire, in the account of the fashionable near-finishing school in which Elizabeth works. And here again the author adroitly injects a serious note, for one character (one of the few unpleasant figures) takes very seriously the peculiar international gathering of which the school is to be the scene, and thus Ada's conduct and its aftermath helps to give plausibility to the story's tranquil ending. A most promising first novel.

Young Man on a Dolphin is highly artificial, though it has the realism of effective satire, and is always entertaining. Burnett, carefully sophisticated, attends an Arty-and-Lettered conference in Venice. In the welter of literary snobbishness, which Anthony Thorne brilliantly suggests, he is attracted by an American girl less addicted to artificiality. But here the story takes an abrupt turn. Burnett, with an Italian fisher-lad and an all-managing middle-aged Frenchwoman, is shipwrecked on a little island where (since their fishermen-husbands are storm-

Osbert Sitwell

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MACMILLAN

bound elsewhere) there are only women, all of them beautiful. The blonde Burnett is adjudged the Englishman with no knowledge of women. His education is taken thoroughly in hand. He returns to Venice, much indebted to the French-woman, a wiser but not sadder man, with an improved sense of values. The book's weaknesses are the slightness of the story, a certain lack of balance, and over-protraction of the cynical joke of the shipwreck's aftermath. But its sparkle makes it a most agreeable diversion, and the satire of its Conference-scenes will please even those lucky enough never to have attended such affairs.

"A novel about Goya" accurately describes *This is the Hour*. Goya is the focal point in a large and crowded canvas, Goya already established as the Court Painter. We see only a few years of his life. The theme is the effect upon him, as man and artist, of the conflict between revolution on one side of the Pyrenees

and on the other the dissolute, decaying splendours of the old regime. Goya the painter is harassed by Goya the man, captivated and tortured by the Duchess of Alba, ordered around by Royalties, drawn willy-nilly into politics, threatened by the Inquisition. The numerous characters are clearly drawn though not always easily comprehended. The gaps in narrative are curiously filled with passages in Hiawathan metre. To my mind the book though powerful is too ambitious even for its considerable length. History is not made more accurate or, necessarily, more interesting when it is told partly in fiction, whilst Goya, the peasant elevated by his art, the Court painter finding relief in savage satire, the sensualist capable of indignation, is somewhat overshadowed by events, or at least is not seen clearly enough amid their shadows.

If you have some acquaintance with Oxford University (or Cambridge, I expect) you will chuckle with appreciative pleasure over *Freshman's Folly*. If you lack that advantage, be sure that its oddities of act and character differ in degree, perhaps, but not in kind from the truth. It concerns a freshman who is surely the stroke Oxford has so sorely needed. He is also handsome, a mixture of folly and feeling, in love with the Master's daughter—and his name is Brown. Thus there is room for much misunderstanding because there is another Brown, sent down some time since but still residing in Oxford, his status unknown to his parents. But I cannot begin to outline the story. Not even the broadcast commentary on the first Test Match could tear me from its reading, and I shall soon be reading it again.

Both Anthony Armstrong and Jack Iams share my opinion that amnesia has been too little used in thrillers. Both of them also recognize that a Communist plot is the obvious mainspring for a thriller to-day. But here they part company. The former sets his scene in England, allows his villains surprising freedom of action (though they have that foolish tendency to talk when they ought



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HUTCHINSON



Novels

to shoot), and keeps his hero puzzled (more than the reader) to discern the why and wherefore of it all. The latter takes his hero behind the Iron Curtain where he and his associates achieve no less surprising a liberty, and here the puzzle is chiefly to know why an American girl has disappeared. I do not think that his plot is so effective as Mr. Armstrong's, and, with him, to the folly of villains' dilatoriness is added the folly of the investigator who tries to combine investigation with honeymoon. *A Shot of Murder* is the more amusing, *He was Found in the Road* the more exciting. It may be just a foible that I prefer Mr. Iams's handling of romance—his matter-of-fact Griselda (hers is a bigger role than bride's or abductee's) to Mr. Armstrong's Rhona, who seems to grow older or younger to suit a chapter's dedication to rough stuff or romance.

MILWARD KENNEDY

BOOKS IN BRIEF

NO one has done more for the cause of intelligent eating and drinking than M. André Simon. *A Concise Encyclopædia of Gastronomy* (Collins, 42s.) comprises the nine books originally published by the Wine and Food Society in paper covers. Now, they have been revised and bound in a stout cover. There is an admirable index and some pleasant decorations by Mr. John Leigh-Pemberton. There are valuable sections on sauces, eggs, wine and cheese, in addition to very full accounts of meat, fish and bird cookery. It is even recorded that a gentleman who has eaten a number of kangaroos from the London Zoo says that the flesh is "very much like that of the hare, both before and after cooking." There is information, too, about Atholl Brose, Iguana, Hedgehog, Owendaw Corn Bread, and Laver.

I found this book fascinating, well written, and a mine of useful knowledge. As soon as I have the time—and the ingredients—I intend to experiment with Flume Flannel Cakes.

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Messrs. Robert Hale Ltd. are continuing their two helpful series, the *County* and the *Regional* books. In the former, Sir Timothy Eden has dealt with "Durham" (two vols., 18s. each). In addition to the usual information about places and people, sport and folklore, Sir Timothy gives a historical survey from the beginnings to the present day, when the presence of coal has transformed a rural county into a great industrial area. The author has done his work thoroughly and well.

Mr. Phil Drabble has covered another manufacturing and mining region in *The Black Country* (18s.). The author, who describes himself as "a naturalist by inclination but an engineer by profession" has written a most readable book, with a strong personal slant. There are interesting sidelights on bull- and bear-baiting, whippet racing and rat pits.

Mr. Ralph Mottram is so great an enthusiast for his native Norfolk that it is not surprising to find him at his very best in *The Broads* (18s.). You will find all the information about this delectable region that you need, with any amount of agreeable anecdote added. As always in these two series, the illustrations are first-rate.

* * *

Much has been written already about Keats and Shelley. In *Two Gentlemen of Rome* (Cassell, 18s.) Mr. Ernest Raymond addresses himself primarily to young people and those older readers who have yet to discover the full glory of the two poets. Aided by admirable photographs and judicious quotations from the poems, he has written a charming and useful book.

* * *

Mr. Henry Treen is a poet of true accomplishment. *The Exiles* (Faber, 8s. 6d.) offers welcome signs of mature accomplishment and mastery. This poet is a romantic. *The Tragedy of Tristram* is accompanied by some colourful shorter poems.

* * *

In an introduction to *Diaries*, 1912-1924 by Beatrice Webb (Longmans, 24s.),

Books in Brief

edited by Margaret I. Cole, Lord Beveridge remarks that Britain to-day would have been very different from what it is if there had been no Sidney and Beatrice Webb. They were certainly instrumental in bringing new ideas to men's minds. These indefatigable statisticians and social workers were so earnest and single-minded in their aims that it is not possible to regard a diary kept by either of them as ideal bedside reading. There are some shrewd sketches of politicians and trade unionist leaders and some very frank personal judgments. Lloyd George is commemorated in a devastating sentence: "The low standard of intellect and conduct of the little Welsh conjurer is so obvious and withal he is so pleasant and lively that official deference and respect fade into an atmosphere of agreeable low company—but low company of a most stimulating kind—intimate camaraderie with a fellow adventurer."

* * *

The Life and Times of Sir Edwin Chadwick (Methuen, 42s.) by Professor S. E. Finer, is a well-written record of the work of a Victorian Civil Servant who has been said to dominate the English social landscape from the Reform Bill to the Crimea. The biographer has had access to a mass of new material and has used it well.

* * *

Excellent additions to the Penguin series are two new *Buildings of England* books, *London* (6s.) and *North Devon* (3s. 6d.). Both are the work of Nikolaus Pevsner. In *The Penguin Poets* one can now find *Border Ballads* (2s. 6d.) selected and edited, with discretion, by Mr. William Beattie.

* * *

One of the most talented young writers and critics of the day, Mr. Paul Dehn has just issued his second book of poems, *Romantic Landscape* (Hamish Hamilton, 7s. 6d.). His is a subtle, charming talent. He might be said to stand midway between Betjeman and Day Lewis, though he owes little, if anything, to either. Some of Mr. Dehn's pastoral poems are a joy to read.

E. G.

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JOHN MURRAY

Financial

STILL IN THE RED

By SIR EDWARD BOYLE, BT., M.P.

MANY people have suggested that there was a discrepancy between Mr. Churchill's speech to the Press Association and Mr. Butler's statement in the House of Commons the following day. This is not strictly true. Mr. Churchill rightly laid stress on the continuing gravity of Britain's balance of payments position, and pointed out that only a national effort could restore solvency. Mr. Butler said nothing which in any way contradicted Mr. Churchill's words, and indeed emphasized that "a long and hard task lies before us." But he did also show, as he was fully entitled to do, that the present Government had at least succeeded in stemming the disastrous drain on our gold and dollar reserves which faced them when they took Office. During the last three months of 1951, these reserves fell by £334 million, and there was a further loss of £227 million in the first three months of 1952. During the two and a half months since the end of March, the loss has been less than £10 million, despite considerable transfers of gold to the European Payments Union. Even allowing for the first instalment of Defence Aid from the United States, this is a considerable achievement, and the Chancellor was right to give prominence to it—not only for party political reasons, but also because any encouraging news must help to strengthen the position of sterling. It would be unwise in the extreme; as I shall show in a moment, to exaggerate the degree of recovery which has already been achieved. But Conservatives should give no quarter to their opponents when they attempt to belittle Mr. Butler's success.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan, always a hostile questioner when Mr. Gaitskell has shown himself conciliatory, tried to explain these figures by referring to American Aid and the running down of stocks. As Mr. Butler pertinently reminded the House

"Mr. Bevan should remember that the Government of which he was for part of the time a member lived for a great period of their office on American Aid and squandered it." In any case, even if one discounts the Aid which has been received, the loss of gold and dollars in the last two and a half months would still be £180 million less than the loss during the first quarter of the current year. As for the running down of stocks, it is difficult to see how Mr. Butler, faced with a balance of payments crisis of unprecedented magnitude, could have avoided taking this action as a short-term measure. In any case his decision in no way condones Sir Stafford Cripps's disastrous failure to prevent a running down of our stocks in the months following devaluation, since the £ was devalued precisely in order to secure a temporary easement in our balance of payments position. Britain is to-day struggling for survival, whereas Cripps too often struggled for gold.

When we turn from the gold and dollar reserve to Britain's own trade figures, the picture is certainly far less encouraging. Britain is still running a deficit on her visible trade at an annual rate of rather over £500 millions a year, and the import bill for May shows a reduction of only about £6 millions on the monthly average import bill for 1951. This last figure suggests that the Chancellor is indeed going to be fortunate if he achieves his purpose of a reduction in the annual import bill of some £300 millions, including reductions in stocks. It is very remarkable, and from a Conservative viewpoint not altogether unwelcome, that whereas the Chancellor's monetary policy has worked out even more successfully than was hoped, the attempt to cure our balance of payments difficulties by direct import cuts has proved far less fruitful. Socialists have consistently

attacked the Chancellor's monetary policy on the ground that monetary weapons are "indiscriminate," but there can be no doubt at all that the new monetary structure has not only achieved its aim of restricting credit, but has also proved extremely efficacious in stemming speculation against sterling. On the other hand the Socialists' belief in selective and "scientific" control of imports has proved once more to be a planners' dream. It is not merely that foreign importers have found their way round many of the Board of Trade regulations ; in many cases they have quite legitimately exhausted their quotas quickly, for fear that further cuts may be imposed, while there has been a great increase of those imports which are still on open general licence. Indeed, it can truthfully be said that fear of further import restrictions has positively stimulated our inessential imports in 1952, just as the certainty of Protection in the near future caused such a large increase in foreign dumping some 20 years ago.

There is one very important conclusion to be drawn from all this ; namely that our balance of payments difficulty still constitutes the greatest threat to our standard of living, and to the maintenance of a high and stable level of employment in the near future. It is absurd to think that to-day we can risk trying to cure a recession in the textile industry, or indeed in any other, by pumping more purchasing power into the economy. It is unlikely that such a policy would in fact help Lancashire or Yorkshire very much. But a laxer financial policy could easily stimulate a still higher volume of inessential imports or handicap our exports by encouraging an increased home demand for just those products which we can sell abroad. One Member during the Committee Stage of the Finance Bill said that the economic position to-day justified putting into practice the remedies for unemployment contained in the White Paper of 1944. People can legitimately hold varying opinions as to the value of that celebrated document, but it can at least be stated with confidence that its remedies are not applicable to the situation to-day. If we attempt to spend ourselves

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THE NATIONAL AND ENGLISH REVIEW

out of a recession in any particular industry, we shall only succeed in spending ourselves into an even more acute balance of payments crisis than we have experienced hitherto.

At the same time as he made his statement on the gold and dollar reserve, Mr. Butler also described the new arrangements for continuing the European Payments Union :

To ease the Union's difficulties it was decided to alter the scale of gold payment by debtor countries, so as to increase the proportion of gold payable in the earlier stages of their quotas. The overall proportion of gold and credit in the quota remain unchanged. It was also decided to establish a guarantee fund of 100 million dollars to which all members would contribute in proportion to their quotas, if the level of the Union's convertible assets were to fall at any time below 100 million dollars. These would be temporary loans, repayable

as soon as the assets rose again above [this figure].

There is every hope that the gold and dollar reserve of E.P.U. will henceforward prove adequate to withstand any drain which might occur in the future. In addition, the Ministerial Council of O.E.E.C. seems to have achieved a very slick solution to the problem of Belgium's persistent creditor status. International financiers seem certainly to have learned something since the days of Bretton Woods, and it is particularly welcome that these difficulties should have been overcome without any direct aid from the U.S.A.

When one turns to Britain's own position as a member of E.P.U., the outlook is less satisfactory. Britain has exhausted her quota, and is now paying 100 per cent. gold for all her deficits, which are still continuing ; thus on the day after Mr. Butler's statement, another 47 million



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RECORD REVIEW

dollars'-worth of gold had to be transferred to the E.P.U., representing the sterling area's deficit with Europe during May. In part, these continuing deficits are due to the fact that such a high proportion of Britain's luxury imports come from Europe—and it is precisely these European imports which it has proved hardest to curtail drastically. But it is difficult to resist the conclusion that part of the trouble has arisen from the fact that Britain became a member of the E.P.U. jointly with the rest of the sterling area, so that gold and dollars have been lost to the central reserve through other sterling area countries having made use of the degree of convertibility which membership of the E.P.U. bestows. No one expects Britain to return to creditor status until the Autumn at the earliest, and then the new arrangements will mean that we shall recover gold at a rather slower rate. The moral of all this would seem to be, not

that Britain and the sterling area should leave the E.P.U., and still less that Britain should seek to remain a member on her own, which would impose an intolerable strain on the loyalty and cohesion of the sterling area as a whole. The right conclusion is, surely, that so long as the gold and dollar reserves of the sterling area remain at such a low level, it simply is not realistic to discuss ways and means of extending convertibility. This applies not only to the possibility of making the £ sterling freely convertible into dollars, but equally to projects, highly popular in some quarters, of linking the E.P.U. and the sterling area more closely together. The best way to strengthen confidence in sterling is by a combination of sound budgetary policy and a firm yet flexible monetary structure. The sterling area has been sick for too long, and it cannot be cured by any quack solution.

EDWARD BOYLE.

RECORD REVIEW

By ALEC ROBERTSON

Orchestral

THERE are few things in orchestral music more thrilling than the great theme, straining upwards, that opens the first symphony of Brahms, and the horn theme that disperses the gloom in the last movement before the entry of the fine C major tune of the *Allegro*. Both these high points are splendidly realized in Van Beinum's interpretation of the work with the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, which is extremely satisfying throughout. The same orchestra under Georg Szell, plays the third Brahms (the one in F major) on the reverse of the record; but though this interpretation has many good points it lacks warmth and poise except in the whimsical Scherzo, which is delightful. Both symphonies are very well recorded (Decca LXT2676).

Ravel's *Bolero* is, to my mind, only bearable as a visual piece, but here it is on L.P. for those who can take it "cold," and there are two overtures by Berlioz (*Benvenuto Cellini* and *Le Corsaire*) to

add musical substance to the disc. All these pieces are very acceptably played by L'Orchestre de la Société des Concerts du Conservatoire under Charles Münch (Decca LXT2677). If *Bolero* is musically anaemic, Chausson's *Poème*, as played by Yehudi Menuhin and the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Boult, is overpoweringly lush and voluptuous (qualities one does not associate with either this violinist or this conductor). I must confess that I enjoyed this pipe-dream (H.M.V. DB9759-60).

Ansermet and L'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande rarely fail to hit the target in their recordings, and the current one of Debussy's *Nocturnes* and Ravel's *Rapsodie Espagnole* is no exception. The Ravel is superbly recorded, with all the clarity of the composer's wonderful scoring reproduced in the most life-like manner, and the Debussy is nearly as good: though the volume control needs to be pushed up higher than I like to make parts of *Nuages* and *Fêtes* perfectly audible, and the



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female chorus in *Sirènes* has a quality of tone that I do not find at all alluring (Decca LXT2637).

A very treasurable L.P. is Decca LXT12689, the London Symphony Orchestra under Krips playing Mozart's "Paris" Symphony (K297) with the beloved E flat major (K543), the first of the great triptych, on the reverse: and if you want an orgy of overtures, all those by Mozart that we know best (*Figaro*, *Flute*, *Don Giovanni*, *Cosi*, *Seraglio* and *Impresario*) are done well, but not superlatively, by the same orchestra and conductor on Decca LXT2684.

Chamber Music

After an orgy of overtures a flight of Ricercare; four of them to be precise. By Bach the keyboard A minor, the "great" organ G minor and the six-part fugue from the Musical Offering: by Beethoven the *Grosse Fugue*, Op. 133 intended for the finale of the String Quartet in B flat (op. 130), all played by Münchinger and the Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra (Decca LXT2668). I should be happy to have all Bach's organ works scored for orchestra and so really hear every detail of the wonderful architecture, and Beethoven's fugue is surely only tolerable to the ear in orchestral dress. Being fugally minded I enjoyed this disc.

Instrumental

Arrau is at the moment distinguishing himself in performances of the complete Beethoven piano Sonatas on the Third Programme, and may be said to have succeeded to the mantle of Schnabel. His technique is more sure and, like Solomon in the opening movement of the "Moonlight," he can sustain a very slow tempo throughout a movement, as in his magnificent rendering of the *Largo e mesto* in the D major Sonata (op. 10, No. 3) which he has now recorded. Not everyone may care for this tempo or for that of the Minuet and Trio, but surely the latter enhances the gaiety and wit of the final movement, here played to perfection. The piano tone is reasonably good (Columbia LX1540-42). Another memorable record is that of Pierre

Record Review

Fournier and Ernest Lush playing Ravel's *Habañera*, and Lili Boulanger's *Nocturne*; the 'cellist's lovely singing tone and the pianist's sensitive accompanying make this little record sheer magic (H.M.V. DA2005).

Vocal

This is a month for superlatives, for amongst the vocal records two are outstandingly good. Boris Christoff and Gerald Moore give us two of Mous-sorgsky's songs, *Softly the Spirit flew up to Heaven* and *Field-Marshal Death* (the last of the "Songs and Dances of Death") with an imaginative insight—especially in the first of these—and a sense of drama that make one realize anew the astonishing originality of this strange composer (H.M.V. DB1484). Irmgaard Seefried, with the happily ubiquitous Mr. Moore, offers the most fragrant of her bouquets of Mozart's little songs on Columbia LX1549. This one includes the exquisite *Das Veilchen* and an enchanting spring song, *Sehnsucht nach dem Frühling*. Recording and balance are good in both of the above discs, except that Gerald Moore's part in *Field-Marshal Death* is too faintly recorded.

Nixa have produced a recording of *Don Giovanni* on four L.P. discs which can be highly recommended with certain reservations. The balance in the important ensembles is not good; there is some coarse recording of the orchestra (the Vienna Philharmonic) and Hans Sarowsky, the conductor, is apt to hurry where there is no occasion for haste. On the credit side most of the singing is excellent. Stabile, though the passage of time handicaps him in sustained passages, is a tower of strength as the Don, and the three women (Grob-Prandl, Hilde Koneten, Hedda Heusser) are all good, as are the men (Herbert Handt, Alois Pernerstorfer, Alfred Poell, Otto von Czerwenka). I have no space to specify the parts they play, but will add only that the envelope notes are unusually informative on all aspects of the glorious opera (Nixa HLP2030, 1 to 4).

ALEC ROBERTSON.



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